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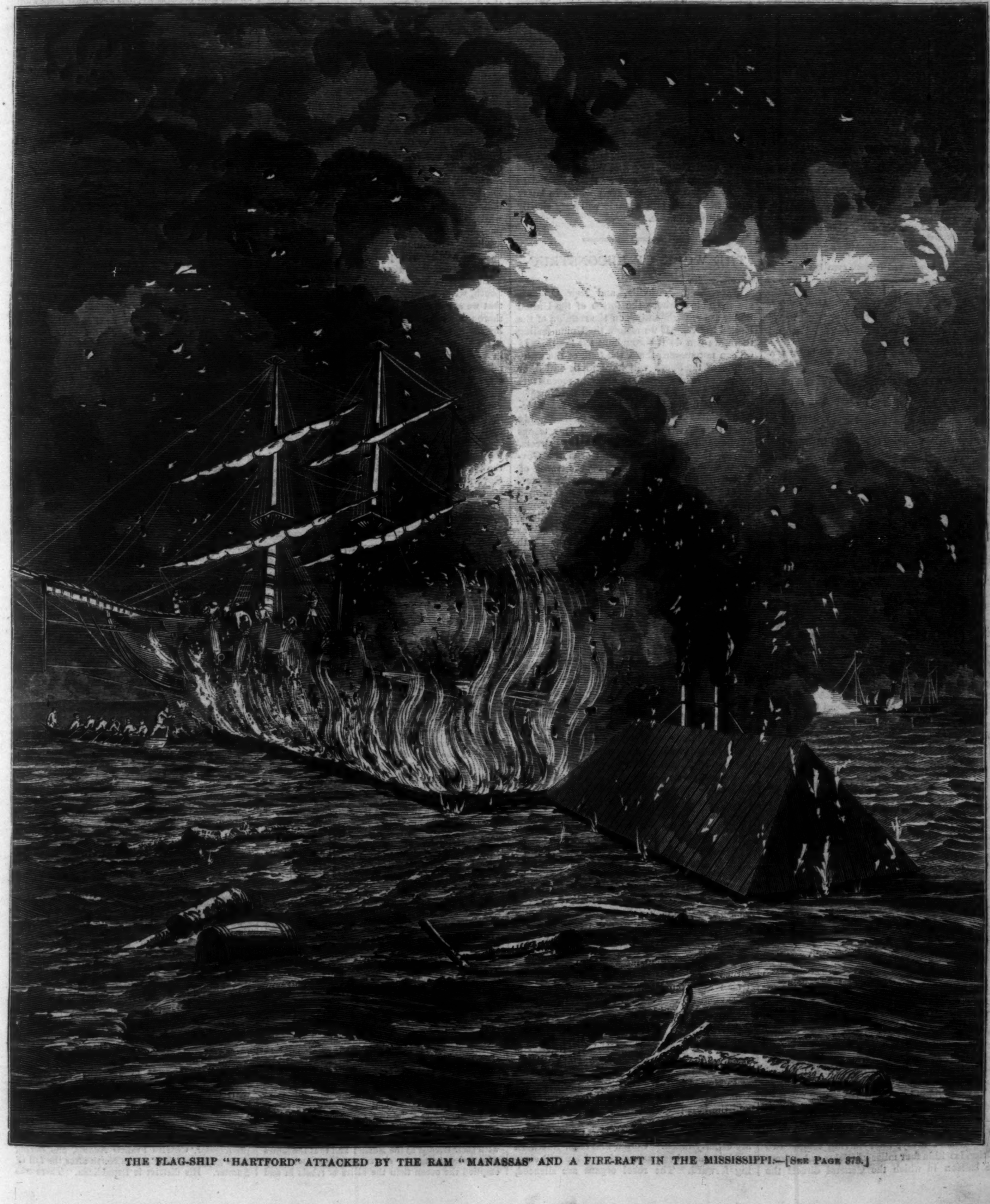


THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" ATTACKED BY THE RAM "MANASSAS" AND A FIRE-RAFT IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 373.]

THE BALLAD OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

I.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's waves,
Dwells the haughty Creole matron with her daughters and her slaves:
Round her throng the rebel knighthood, fierce of word and proud of crest,
Slightly redolent of julep, cocktail, cobbler, and the rest
Of those miscellaneous tipples that the Southern heart impel
To the mighty threats of prowess whose dread (?) fruits we know so well.
Round the matron and her daughters ring chivalric voices high:
Not the meanest soul among them but is sworn to do or die!
"Never to the Yankee Vandal, foul and hornéd thing of mud,
Will they leave their maids and matrons while a single vein holds blood!
Perish every Southron sooner! Death? They crave it as a boon!"
Then each desperate knight retires—to his favorite Quadroon!

II.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's waves,
Sits the haughty Creole matron with her daughters and her slaves:
But her eye no longer flashes with the fire it held of late,
For, alas! the Yankee Vandals thunder at the city gate.
Proud on Mississippi's waters, looming o'er the dark levee,
Ride the gallant Northern war-ships, floats the Banner of the Free!
While a calm-eyed Captain paces through a sea of scowling men
To demand the full surrender of the city there and then.
Yet the haughty Creole lady's sorest sorrow lies not there:
'Tis not that the Yankee mudsills will pollute her sacred air;
Though her delicate fibres shudder doubtless at the dreadful thought
That her soft and fragrant breathings may by Yankee lips be caught;
No! the cut of all unkindest—that which makes her heart dilate—
Is, her knights have all "skedaddled," and have left her to her fate!
Yes, no strength of smash or julep, nor the cocktail's bitterest heat,
Kept those recreant warriors steady when they saw the Yankee fleet;
All their desperate prowess vanished like a mist before the moon—
Left they Creole maid and matron, even left the dear Quadroon!

III.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's waves,
Walks the haughty Creole matron with her daughters and her slaves.
Freedom's flag is floating o'er her, Freedom's sons she passes by,
And the olden scornful fire burns rekindled in her eye.
How dare Freedom thus insult her? How dare mudsills walk the pave
Whose each stone to her is hallowed by the toil-sweat of the slave?
"What! you call that rag your banner? You, Sir, hireling, hound, I mean!
Thus I spit upon your emblem! Let your churl's blood wash it clean!
Well you wear your liveried jacket, hireling bravo that you are,
Lackey, paid to rob and murder in a thin disguise of war!"
Thus with many a taunting gesture, speaks she to the Northern braves
As she flaunts along the sidewalk with her daughters and her slaves!
Naught reply the Northern soldiers, smiling, though they feel the stings
Of the foul and meretricious taunts the Southern *lady* flings;
So she passes, while the venom from her fragrant mouth still slips
Like the loathsome toads and lizards from the enchanted maiden's lips,
And her spotless soul joys doubtless, soft her modest bosom beats,
That she so has aped the harlot in her city's public streets!

IV.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's waves,
Walks the haughty Creole lady with her daughters and her slaves;
But her eye no longer flashes with its wonted fire of hate;
Her tongue is strangely silent now, and modest is her gait;
With quiet mien and humble she passes soldiers by,
Nor ever on our country's flag turns a defiant eye.
What wondrous glamour so hath changed the haughty lady's mien?
The crime of her rebellious heart hath she in sorrow seen?
Or has her spotless bosom owned that Yankees there may be
Worthy of even a Creole's love? Is hers no longer free?
No; it is none of these have tamed the lady's rebel soul;
On each mudsill she, *certes*, still breathes inward curse and dole!
And as for love, save for her knight, no love her heart can stir,
Since o'er a julep's sugared brink he swore to die for her;
For though he died not, but preferred another field to seek,
'Twas only, as she knows, because the julep was too weak!
'Twas none of these! A sterner cause for change of mien had she!
For spitting once too often at the Banner of the Free,
And once too oft through her PURE *lips the venom letting loose,*
The haughty Creole dame was shown into—the CALABOOSE!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN we closed the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, the public mind had been rendered so uneasy by the repulse of Banks, and the alarm which it caused in Washington, that we deemed it necessary to assure our readers that all was not lost; that the entire militia of the North would not be wanted; and that, so far as we could judge, the rebels would not take Washington in the next day or two.

A week has elapsed, and the aspect of affairs is certainly more cheerful.

M'Clellan's army, after having fought two battles, is within four miles of Richmond. From the balloon in which the General directs the operations of his army he can see the trembling leaders of the rebellion gathering in knots at street-corners in their chosen capital, wringing their hands, and bewailing their destiny. There may be another battle before Richmond, or it may be evacuated as every other place has been which the rebels had said they would hold. But whether they fight or run, Richmond will be ours in a given number of days.

Corinth, the great strong-hold of Beauregard in the Southwest, has been fortified only to be abandoned. The original design of the rebels in falling back from Corinth was probably to gain a safer position in the heart of the cotton States—such as Chattanooga, Atlanta, or Montgomery—where they might be joined by such portions of the army in Virginia as remain organized after the fall of Richmond. But fate disconcerts many well-laid plans. Colonel Elliott has put a stop to the further flight of rebels by way of the Mobile and Ohio Road; and we hear from General Halleck's army that a large number of Beauregard's troops fled westward toward Grand Junction and Memphis. Where and how can Beauregard reunite his scattered regiments? May not the rebel army of the Southwest be considered as practically dispersed and disbanded—broken up into guerrilla bands and swamp rangers?

Finally, the scene of Banks's reverse is now the scene of Union triumphs. Frémont has crossed the mountains from Franklin to Strasburg and engaged Jackson. Another Union army has reoccupied Front Royal, and driven back a rebel force with heavy loss. And Banks himself, strongly reinforced, is pushing up the valley from Martinsburg and Winchester. Unless Jackson has retreated as skillfully and as swiftly as Banks did, the army which so lately threw the North into a panic will very shortly be an army no more.

THE WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BALTIMORE, Nashville, and New Orleans, are the points where the forces of the United States are experimenting on the reunion of the United States. If we restore the Union feeling there, we can do it throughout the South. If we can not succeed there, the bulk of the white people of the South will have to be exiled, or got rid of in some way, in order to reconstruct the Union and secure the safety of the North.

We are happy to refer to Baltimore. Thirteen months ago Baltimore was as thoroughly rebel as any city at the South. Our troops were assassinated in passing through its streets. Mayor, Common Council, and even the Governor, united in a protest against the transit of Union soldiers through Baltimore for the protection of Washington. All classes were saturated with disloyalty—so much so that Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, desired to hang all the officials of the place on the trees of the War Department; and the best men of the North would have been glad to hear that the city had been shelled to ruins. Thirteen months have elapsed, during which we have held Baltimore and Maryland under strict military rule. We have garrisoned the city and the State with loyal troops. We have built forts with guns commanding the city. We have lodged mayors, councilors, and State Legislature in prison. We have suppressed disloyal newspapers. We have shut disloyal mouths. Meanwhile we have protected Maryland from being the seat of war—as it would have been if the rebel Marylanders had had their way—and have enabled the people of that State to earn an honest living. The result of this policy is before us. Baltimore is now as violent on the side of Union as it was on the side of rebellion thirteen months ago. One of the best regiments in our service was recruited in Baltimore, and is, or was, commanded by a Baltimore man. In the terse language of the telegraphic reporter, "Wherever secessionists show their faces they are knocked down by the people." But for the interference of our troops one of them would have been hanged the other day. A meeting of Methodists, believed to be tainted with treason, created such excitement among the people that the police had to interfere and conduct the members to their homes through back streets. There where, thirteen months ago, women calling themselves ladies made a point of insulting our troops at every step, thousands of loyal banners and waving handkerchiefs welcomed the march of the Seventh last week. So far as Baltimore is concerned the work is done. In that city, if the Union sentiment did not exist originally, we have created it. And the manufactured article seems good of its kind.

In Nashville and New Orleans the experiment has not yet progressed so far. We have held Nashville two months, New Orleans one. The results, however, as far as they go, are satisfactory.

In Nashville troops have been enlisted for the Union army. Union meetings have been held, and the best people of the place have attended and indorsed Union resolutions. Confederate notes are uncurrent, and United States notes are eagerly taken. Cotton and other Southern produce have been exported, and are still coming forward. The rebel organs are silenced, and, for the first time since the slavery rebellion began, the people have a chance of ascertaining the facts. Residents say that they would unhesitatingly come forward and declare themselves for the Union but for the fear of the return of the rebels. As soon as they learn that Beauregard has fled toward the Gulf they will probably conclude that the chances of a restoration of the rebel dynasty are too slim to merit consideration. We may then expect to hear of a remarkable development of "original Unionism."

Under the vigorous administration of Major-General Butler, New Orleans is steadily returning into shape. General Butler has been more energetic and less conciliatory than General Dix and Governor Johnson: his iron hand has not been covered with a silken glove. We venture the prediction that his success will be all the more thorough and speedy. The good people of Louisiana are already complaining that they have been victimized by the rebels. And no wonder. What could be more outrageous than the destruction of cotton and sugar, while hundreds of thousands of human beings are starving to death for want of the food which could only be purchased with this cotton and sugar? To bring the people of Louisiana entirely to their senses, nothing more is needed than a plain statement of this, and we are glad to see that General Butler has stated it. When one reads of the heart-rending sufferings of the people of the Gulf States—of whole families starving, and every rich man reduced to poverty—one is tempted to regret that the civilization of the age forbids the infliction of the tortures of the Inquisition upon the miscreant authors of these atrocities. Strict Justice would require that Davis, Beauregard, and Lovell should expiate their crimes on the rack or at the stake. Meanwhile, the revival of trade, and the exemplary punishment of traitors by General Butler, is gradually developing a Union sentiment at New Orleans as the like policy did at Baltimore. The *argumentum ad ventrem* is doing the work.

In order to create a Union sentiment at the South, we must satisfy the people of that section that we are stronger than they, and that we are thoroughly in earnest in our purpose of preserving *the soil* of the United States undivided. We must then show them that if they persevere in rebellion they can not escape hunger and misery; that they will be outcasts without property or rights of any kind; that it is a mere question of time how soon they will be hunted down; that it is simply due to our forbearance that the negroes have not been armed for insurrection; whereas, on the other hand, if they return to their loyalty, they will be received into the Union with the same rights as the people of the North, and will be assisted by a generous Government to emancipate their slaves and start afresh in a new and wholesome career of industry. When this is done, the work of reconstruction will be more than half achieved.

THE LOUNGER.

THE JEWEL IN THE TOAD'S HEAD.

SOME weeks since an order was suddenly issued by the Secretary of War for all the troops in Washington to be ready for an immediate movement. The response was perfect. The Mix cavalry, for instance, were in the saddle with forage and two days' rations within a quarter of an hour. The forces were then informed that the object of the order was to prove their condition, and that it was found to be entirely satisfactory.

The news of Banks's rapid and masterly retreat down the Shenandoah Valley was an equally sudden call upon the condition and readiness of the whole country, and the response was equally perfect. It seems almost worth while, saving the suffering of our brave troops, that the retreat should have occurred, for it has revealed to ourselves our continued energy and spirit just as the fall of Sumter revealed their existence. It was a public surprise, but not a panic. There was great indignation, but there was none of the soul-sickening consternation that immediately, but only temporarily, succeeded the dark day at Bull Run. The Stock market, that most sensitive indicator of panic, varied very slightly; and the regiments marched gayly, not solemnly away, as in the hour of conscious National peril a year ago.

The retreat has had the valuable effect of showing to the most timid and treacherous among ourselves, and to the most truculent and ferocious of the rebels, that the task this nation is summoned to achieve it will accomplish, without dismay, without fatigue, without faltering, and at whatever cost of time, and blood, and money. The patriotic Vallandigham, and Jeff Davis who wishes only to be let alone, must have sighed and groaned as they heard the murmur of joyful and instant readiness all over the loyal part of the land. All the abettors of infamous treason who try to paralyze patriotism by calling it abolitionism, must have gazed in dire dismay upon their laborious toil of a year undone in a moment. Just as they thought to stagger the country into consenting to its own destruction, by showing how expensive it is to suppress a barbarous rebellion, they see that the country would gladly double its expenditure, if it were necessary, for its salvation. The Southern rebels are fond of citing classical incidents and examples. Let them understand, then, that Sisyphus and Tantalus were idle and contented gentlemen compared with their friends at the North; and that the ladies who baled water in sieves would sooner have emptied the ocean than the allies of rebels in and out of Congress could weaken the unanimity and fervor of the National devotion.

Was it Napoleon who stamped his foot and legions of armed men sprang from the ground? No, it was not; for Napoleon by the most remorseless conscription drew soldiers to his army. So Davis, and Floyd, and Cobb scrape the streets to swell their starved and sickened ranks of rebellion; while one whisper that more men are wanted brings thousands willing, eager, and rejoiced, to march, to fight, and to fall, if it must be, for our country—our great, generous, and glorious mother.

THE FEROCITY OF THE REBELLION.

THE cruel and incredible barbarities, treacheries, and crimes of the rebels every day accumulate in horror. "The *Louisiana* was set on fire and sent down on the vessels while I was engaged in drawing up a capitulation for the surrender of the forts, a flag of truce flying at the time," says Commodore Porter, at New Orleans. They cut off the heads of our dead at Manassas; they boiled the bodies to get the bones more readily; they buried our brave brothers with their faces down; they swung their heads as trophies upon their homeward march through East Tennessee; they drew Kenly and his heroic troop of Marylanders with a white flag, then unrolled the black and massacred them; they bayoneted the wounded in the Virginia valley; they blew their heads off with the muzzles of their guns held close; they hung old men and young men in Tennessee guilty of loving their country, making the father sit beneath the gallows while they strangled his son, and then with jeers and oaths hung the father beside him; they suspended corpses on trees by railroad tracks, and "slowed" the trains as they passed, while women waved handkerchiefs from the windows of the cars; they shot into our ambulances carrying the wounded and dying; women from the Winchester windows fired pistols at our retreating troops; they poisoned wells and cakes; they planted torpedoes at Yorktown and Hilton Head to blow up our soldiers. This is the spirit of secession—"a spirit of murder, of assassination, of hell!" said Parson Brownlow, and he told the truth.

This is that chivalric, refined, proud people, who are striking gallantly for their liberty against the ruthless hordes hurled upon them by the lust of power in the North. This is that gentlemanly, courteous, sensitive people, who can not associate with Yankee tinkers and peddlers. This is that "master race," as De Bow calls it, dealing with the "subject races" of the North. The ghastly story of their crimes against God and man is only heard by us as yet in tragic whispers. Dishonor and infamy of every kind; ferocity which Feejees could not emulate; superstition, ignorance, and bestiality—these are the qualities which have bred and sustained this rebellion, and these are the qualities that slavery breeds. That every rebel is inhuman no one would say. That there is no intelligence, no generosity, no honor among the rebels, is not asserted. But that the controlling spirit of the movement is one of utter ferocity, hate, ignorance, and barbarism is as palpable as its causelessness and dishonor. There is scarcely a parent who would not rather hear that his soldier son was shot dead than that he had fallen wounded into the hands of these men. He could as hopefully trust to the tender mercies of Nena Sahib as to theirs.

Why, then, do we insist upon retaining them as fellow-citizens? For the same reason that the city of New York does not recognize the independence of all its malefactors and scalliwags. Because the trouble and expense of letting them go as enemies are a thousand-fold greater than that of conquering, holding, and subduing them into decent citizens. Because if a limb is diseased it is wiser to cure it than to cut it off.

In the rebels we are dealing with blind enemies, not with friends who are mistaken. The loyal Union men in the rebel section are, of course, our friends; but they are not mistaken. Jeff Davis is not our mistaken friend, nor Judah Benjamin, nor Mason, nor Slidell, nor Cobb, nor Pierre Soulé. They are more our remorseless enemies than any Englishman or Frenchman would be, if we were at war with England or France. The rank and file of their followers are indeed mistaken, because these leaders by careful falsehood have misled them. But this multitude are none the less our bitter enemies. The very ignorance upon which the leaders play makes their followers ferocious in their hate.

Among the whites in the rebel section there are but these three classes: friends, and intelligent and ignorant enemies. The former no radical and necessary measure for their relief can alienate. Is there any blow at rebellion so sharp and strong that it will dismay Brownlow or the brave Bouligny of New Orleans? "You needn't hold courts to try men for treason in East Tennessee," said a Union man there (not Brownlow) to a friend of the Lounger's—"there won't be any traitors to try; they'll be exterminated." If, then, our friends in the rebel section can not be readily alienated, neither can our enemies be "exasperated," for you can not heat iron already white hot. The question can not be tortured into one of conciliation; it is simply a question of conquest and policy. It will be decided by superior force, and then settled by superior force. Some foreign paper says that it doesn't understand how a republic can retain a half dozen millions of unwilling citizens. It has only to wait, and it will learn.

MODERATION.

MR. B. F. THOMAS, of Massachusetts, formerly a distinguished judge in that State, is the present representative in Congress from John Quincy Adams's district. He is a man of unblemished character, and of great accomplishment and ability, but hitherto little known in political life. He was nominated upon the appointment to England of his predecessor, Charles Francis Adams, and during "the great uprising" of the North after the fall of Sumter. His district is Republican. There was an eminent Republican who was supposed to be the choice of the party for the succession; but the point was not pressed, and Mr. Thomas was nominated as a thoroughly loyal Union man, but moderate and conservative—of which qualifications the sufficient guarantee was the urgent support he received from Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, a gentleman chiefly known in his State by his conspicuous services in enforcing, as United States Commissioner, the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Thomas has been an eminent leader of the moderate party in Congress, except in the *Trent* affair, in which he took a strong anti-English position, and not in the least conciliatory. But his learning, his discretion, his candor, and his intellectual ability, have justly given great weight to his words. On the 10th of April he spoke upon the Confiscation and Emancipation bills, opposing both, but with clearness and good temper. Yet in this speech, which has been regarded as so signal a triumph for the reaction, Mr. Thomas plainly states the right and duty of the Government to require all persons to arm in its defense. Those who loosely say that he favors slavery at the expense of Union have not read his words. It is with him simply a question of time, not of right or power.

Slaves in the military and naval service of the rebels, he says, may be freed.

"The Government may refuse to return a slave to a master who has been engaged in the rebellion, or suffered the slave to be employed in it."

"It may require the services of all persons subject to its jurisdiction by residing upon its territory, when the exigency arises, to aid in executing the laws, in repressing insurrection, or repelling invasion....Nothing but the direst extremity would excuse the use of a power fraught with so great perils to both races." And he thinks we shall triumph without it.

"There is one other exigency in which the relation of master and slave must give way to military exigency. If the Commander of a military district shall find that the slaves within it, by the strength they give to their rebelllous masters—by bearing arms, or doing other military service, or acting as the servants of those who do—obstruct his efforts to subdue the rebellion, he may deprive the enemy of this force, and may remove the obstruction by giving freedom to the slaves."

As the slaves build the fortifications from which our friends are slaughtered by the rebels, as they are the servants of the rebels every where, as their labor and presence immensely obstruct our efforts to reduce the rebellion, it would seem that this exigency mentioned by Mr. Thomas had very nearly arrived. One thing at least is clear, the "great perils" to the white race resulting from employing black men to fight for the Union could not possibly be more awful than those the white race already suffers from rebels fighting against the Union. The barbarism of the slaves, whatever it be, can not be worse than that of the mass of the poor whites who compose the rebel army; and in this war, now lasting more than a year, Mr. Thomas has yet to find a solitary instance of cruelty from a slave to his master, even when every circumstance has favored. The history of the infamous wrong of slavery in this country shows that it dehumanizes the master a hundred-fold more than the subject race; nor has it ever been found that free black soldiers, organized and disciplined, have been peculiarly ferocious. Slaves rising in insurrection to save their lives and seize their liberty by destroying their masters are a fearful foe; for their vengeance is proportioned to their wrongs. But slaves freed and regularly drilled are among the best soldiers, as Washington found in the Revolution when he enlisted a regiment of slaves in Rhode Island, freed for the purpose, who were conspicuous for their gallantry, bravery, and military skill at the battle upon Quaker Hill near Newport. The black regiment "distinguished itself by deeds of desperate valor," says Arnold in his History of Rhode Island. Senator Ten Eyck, of New Jersey, says that the Jersey boys would not fight by the side of soldiers of another color. Let us hope that they deserve a higher praise than their Senator gives them; and that Jerseymen do not disdain allies who were honest and brave enough for Washington, and Greene, and Varnum, and the Rhode Island boys of '78.

Yet one thing may be freely conceded to Mr. Thomas. It is impossible to act in a matter of this kind faster than the great public opinion of the country approves, and in that perception is the profound wisdom of Mr. Lincoln. But that public opinion, on the other hand, may ripen too slowly to save the country. When the nation is willing to use every loyal hand it can command it may be too late. Therefore in this emergency the duty of a legislator is twofold; he should endeavor to make the country approve what he thinks ought to be done, and when he is sure of that approval he should vote to do it. The impatient should remember that in this country law merely, as the Fugitive Slave Law shows, will not control a settled public sentiment. The penalty may be paid, but the law will be seldom executed. A law to be just and valid must express a conviction, not an emotion.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

When Major-General Butler arrived at New Orleans the rebels caught a Tartar. He understands perfectly well that the way to develop National sentiment in that city is to show that the nation is supremely powerful. He knows that nothing is done until that is done. Genuine patriotic *sentiment* is doubtless nearly extinct there, while, as a trading city, it will willingly yield its allegiance to the force that proves its superiority. If there be any decided Union feeling in that city it is certainly remarkably modest. We do not deny that it may be there, and that it is awaiting results before it shows itself. It may be that it does not feel the National grasp to be so secure that it can dare to slip from the Confederate embrace. Let us be perfectly willing to wait and see if this be so. But meanwhile General Butler has to keep order, and repossess and hold the property of the United States, and he carries altogether too many guns for the gentry who oppose him.

His brisk orders will not be misunderstood. They clear "secesh" air like lightning. They say exactly what they mean, and are utterly iconoclastic. "The Second Washington" who heads this great and glorious war for the defense of the right of holding other people in slavery is called by the peremptory Butler "one Jefferson Davis." The work expended upon fortifications near the Mint by the Confederate authorities was "idly and inanely wasted." The Mayor of the city complains of an order which he says imperils the peace of the city, so that he will not answer for it; the reply is another order suspending him from his functions and committing him to Fort Jackson. He apologizes and withdraws the letter, and is continued at his post. Then he returns with friends and insists upon withdrawing the apology. The General says, "Very well, you may withdraw it; but we have been playing long enough"—and sends him and friends to Fort Jackson.

This is the method which will apprise the rebellious gentry of New Orleans and the rebel region that this Government is fully in earnest; that the loss and suffering brought upon it by this causeless and ferocious insurrection have put it into no mood to be trifled with; that it has taken up arms to touch no person, no property, no right, which ought not to be touched to secure the restoration of its supremacy, but that when it does touch it will be as with lightning; and that it means to hold every city it occupies with the military hand until its citizens give proof of their willingness to be loyal. Meanwhile, of course, mere severity is not force—a fact which General Butler shows that he fully understands.

BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

"You will find," said an officer of Berdan's Sharp-shooters to the Lounger, "that this is not a fancy regiment." The whole country now gratefully confesses it. For they are good men with good weapons. Floyd did what he could to steal all our fire-arms—and he can do more in that way than any other American. But not even Floyd could steal our wits. The Yankee will make a gun if he hasn't one; and if he has one he will make a better. He is kinsman of the doughty warrior of whom the song says,

> "And when his legs were shot away,
> He fought upon his stumps."

In fact, one of the great collateral interests of the war has been its effect upon improvement in weapons, projectiles, and defenses. The principle of fixed ammunition, or water-proof cartridge, is now about as sure to supersede the old style as that iron-clad ships will replace the old wooden walls of our navy. In like manner the whole question of coast defenses is opened by the *Monitor's* exploits.

Among the improvements in weapons, experts agree that there is nothing better than Ballard's breech-loading rifle. It is very simple and very sure. The usual difficulties of construction and management in such arms have been thoughtfully avoided in this. Most weapons of the kind, for instance, separate the barrel from the breech, of course weakening the whole. Ballard's rifle has no such objection. It is, moreover, light, made well, and of the best materials, and is in every respect warranted. It is fitted, also, for the copper water-proof cartridge.

Soldier or sportsman looking for a rifle will naturally remember Ballard's.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Last Fashionable Vice.—Enameling is already on the spread. We suppose the Rachels of this superficial accomplishment will soon copy the example of the photographers in the cheap neighborhoods, and place touters at their doors, whose business it will be to waylay ladies as they go by, and to tempt them with the insinuating inquiry of, "Please, Mum, will you have your face enameled?"

The reward of villains is various; some of them are hung, others cropped and branded—others elected to office.

A large, ferocious dog, finding his way into a dry-goods store filled with lady customers, created considerable alarm; when a raw-looking case remarked that if they'd give him what he wanted likely the dog would leave. What could a dog want in a dry-goods store? Why, he wanted *mus'lin*, of course.

A magistrate of Chicago proposes to marry couples at one dollar a piece, if they will form clubs of twelve, and all get "fixed" at the same time."

A man with a slight attack of fever and ague is "no great shakes any how."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, May 27, in the Senate, a resolution was offered and adopted inquiring of the Secretary of War how many officers and men of the army are now confined in the District of Columbia Penitentiary, to what regiments they belong, and by what authority they were committed. The Tax bill was taken up and several amendments adopted. Without transacting any other business the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a message was received from President Lincoln, of which we give an analysis below. Read and referred. The House then took up, in Committee of the Whole, the bill for the establishment of a soldiers' hospital in the District of Columbia: the Committee rose without taking a vote on the bill. A motion was made to reconsider the vote by which the bill for the confiscation of the slaves of rebels was defeated on the previous day. Pending the motion the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, May 28, in the Senate, the Vice-President presented a message from the President, in reply to the resolution of inquiry in reference to certain arrests in Kentucky, in which the President states that it is not deemed compatible with the public interests to give the information asked at present. The special message from the President, sent into the House on the previous day, was ordered by the Senate to be printed. The Tax bill was then taken up and considered for some time, when, on motion, the Senate went into executive session. The executive session lasted but for a short time, after which the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed, and a long discussion on the question of taxing slaves as property took place, pending a decision on which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the motion pending at the adjournment on the previous day, to reconsider the vote by which the bill to give freedom to the slaves of rebels was defeated, was, after considerable discussion, postponed. The House then went into Committee on the Whole on the Senate bill to collect Taxes in the insurrectionary districts, which was passed by a vote of 97 yeas to 17 nays. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of the public debt, and the annual interest thereof. A bill was introduced, and referred to the Military Committee, in reference to limiting the number of volunteers to be mustered into the military service, and prohibiting the enlistment of contrabands.

On Thursday, May 29, in the Senate, Senator Willey called up the memorial of the loyal Legislature of Virginia, asking for a division of the State, and spoke in favor of it. The memorial was referred to the Territories' Committee. The Senate then continued the consideration of the Tax bill, and the proposed amendment to lay no tax on slaves in States which have adopted the President's system of gradual emancipation was rejected. An amendment was offered to make the tax on slaves two dollars each, instead of five, as proposed, which, after considerable discussion, was adopted by 28 yeas to 10 nays. The amendment of Senator Simmons, proposing to levy the tax on fewer articles, was then considered, and it was rejected by 14 yeas to 22 nays. The Senate then held an executive session, at the conclusion of which an adjournment took place.——In the House, the bill for the more effectual suppression of the African slave-trade, reported from the Judiciary Committee, was passed by a vote of 63 against 45.

On Friday, May 30, in the Senate, resolutions were offered that the Secretary of War communicate to the Senate a copy of General Hooker's official report of the battle of Williamsburg; that the Secretary of the Interior furnish a copy of the correspondence with the War Department respecting the imprisonment of soldiers in the District penitentiary, together with a copy of the District Attorney's opinion thereon. After some discussion upon the Agricultural College bill, the Tax bill was taken up and debated until the hour of adjournment.——There was no session of the House of Representatives.

On Saturday, May 31, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced a bill to enable slaves to establish their right to freedom, under the act of August 6, 1861. A resolution for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the official conduct of Adjutant-General Thomas was offered and laid over. The bill giving compensation to the crew of the gun-boat *Varuna* was passed. The memorial for the admission of Western Virginia as a separate State was considered, but no final action on it was taken. The House bill to allow California three representatives was passed. The bill to legalize all the President's acceptances of volunteers was taken up and considered for some time, some amendments being proposed; but a vote on the subject was not reached at the hour of one o'clock, the time for taking up the Tax bill, when the consideration of that subject was resumed, which, without any definite result, continued till the adjournment.——The House of Representatives was not in session.

On Monday, June 2, in the Senate, petitions were presented in favor of a sufficient enlargement of the canals of this State to fit them for being navigated by gun-boats. A resolution was offered calling on the Secretary of War for copies of the instructions furnished to Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, and Governor Stanley, of North Carolina. The bill providing for the collection of direct taxes in the rebellious States was returned from the House with amendments, and all the amendments excepting one were adopted. The discussion of the Tax bill was resumed. Different amendments were acted on, when the bill was reported complete, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution similar to that offered in the Senate, calling for copies of the instructions to the Provisional Governors of Tennessee and North Carolina, was adopted. Bills were introduced for the organization of the Territory of Lanawa; to prohibit the reduction of free persons to slavery; for the emancipation of Robert Smalls and the other colored men who recently brought the rebel steamer *Planter* out of Charleston harbor and delivered her to the United States naval forces, and making additional appropriations for the postal service, all of which were referred to the appropriate committees. The Senate bill for the appointment of diplomatic agents to Hayti and Liberia was introduced and discussed till the adjournment, without any decision on it being arrived at.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The President sent an important message to Congress on 27th, explaining the measures taken by the Government at the commencement of the rebellion for the protection of the Union and the Constitution. He recounts the history of the chartering of vessels and providing transportation and supplies then adopted, and assumes to himself the responsibility to answer for the honesty of the Administration and the agents they employed. He states that he consulted his entire Cabinet in the emergency, and met a hearty support from them. He says that he is not aware of a single dollar of the public funds intrusted to unofficial persons having been either lost or wasted, and he entirely exonerates Mr. Cameron from the censure implied in the House resolution of the 30th ult. If censure be due, Mr. Lincoln thinks that he himself, and all the heads of the departments should share it with the late Secretary of War.

BATTLE ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

The following dispatch was received at the War Department on 1st from

Field of Battle, *June* 1—12 M.

We have had a desperate battle, in which the corps of Generals Sumner, Heintzleman, and Keyes have been engaged against greatly superior numbers.

Yesterday at one o'clock the enemy, taking advantage of a terrible storm which had flooded the valley of the Chickahominy, attacked our troops on the right flank.

General Casey's division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably and disunitedly. This caused a temporary confusion, during which the guns and baggage were lost; but Generals Heintzleman and Kearney most gallantly brought up their troops, which checked the enemy.

At the same time, however, we succeeded, by great exertion, in bringing across Generals Sedgwick and Richardson's divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, covering the ground with his dead.

This morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but was every where repulsed.

We have taken many prisoners, among whom is General Pettigrew and Colonel Long.

Our loss is heavy, but that of the enemy must be enormous.

With the exception of General Casey's division, the men behaved splendidly.

Several fine bayonet charges have been made. The Second Excelsior regiment made two to-day.

George B. M'Clellan,
Major-General Commanding.

THE BATTLE AT HANOVER COURT HOUSE.

The official report of the battle at Hanover Court House was received at the War Department from General M'Clellan on 28th, from which it appears that it was a pretty serious affair, resulting in a complete rout of the enemy. The rebel loss in killed and wounded is set down at one thousand, and our loss at three hundred and seventy-nine killed, wounded, and missing, of whom fifty-three were killed. One hundred of the enemy's dead were buried on the field by our men. Five hundred were taken prisoners, and more were coming in. The rebels in this action were mostly from Georgia and North Carolina.

THE EVACUATION OF CORINTH.

The evacuation of Corinth by the rebel army under General Beauregard was announced officially by General Halleck, in a dispatch received at the War Department on 30th ult. The Thirty-ninth Ohio regiment, the advance-guard of General Pope's brigade, entered the city at a few minutes before seven o'clock on 30th, and planted the Union flag on the dome of the court-house. The enemy had abandoned the place previously. The last display of resistance they made was in responding to the batteries of General Pope on the morning of 29th.

WHAT GENERAL HALLECK SAYS.

Major-General Halleck telegraphs:

Head-quarters, Camp near Corinth, *May* 31, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The enemy's position and works in front of Corinth were exceedingly strong. He can not occupy a stronger position in his flight. This morning he destroyed an immense amount of public and private property, stores, provisions, wagons, tents, etc. For miles out of the town the roads are filled with arms, haversacks, etc., thrown away by his fleeing troops. A large number of prisoners and deserters have been captured, estimated by General Pope at 2000. General Beauregard evidently distrusts his army, or he would have defended so strong a position. His troops are generally much discouraged and demoralized. In all the engagements for the last few days their resistance has been slight.

H. W. Halleck,
Major-General Commanding.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The following was received at the War Department on 2d:

Halleck's Head-quarters,
Department of the Mississippi,
Camp near Corinth, *June* 1, 1862.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The following dispatch has been received from General Pope:

To H. W. Halleck, Major-General Cammanding:

It gives me pleasure to report the brilliant success of the expedition sent out on the 28th of May, under Colonel Elliott. With the Second Iowa cavalry, after forced marches, day and night, through a very difficult country, and obstructed by the enemy, he finally succeeded in reaching the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at Booneville at two o'clock P.M. on the 30th.

He destroyed the track in many places, both south and north of the town, blew up one culvert, destroyed the switch and track, burned up the dépôt and locomotives, and a train of twenty-six cars loaded with supplies of every kind, destroyed ten thousand stand of small-arms, three pieces of artillery, and a great quantity of clothing and ammunition, and paroled two thousand prisoners, which he could not keep with his cavalry. The enemy had heard of his movements, and had a train of box cars and flat cars, with flying artillery and five thousand infantry, running up and down the road, to prevent him from reaching it. The whole road was lined with pickets for several days. Colonel Elliott's command subsisted on meat alone, such as they could find in the country.

For daring and dispatch this expedition has been distinguished in the highest degree, and entitles Colonel Elliott and his command to high distinction. Its results will be embarrassing to the enemy, and contribute greatly to their loss and demoralization. He reports the road full of small parties of the retreating enemy, scattering in all directions.

John Pope, Major-General.

RECAPTURE OF LITTLE ROCK.

Refugees who have just arrived at Cairo state that Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, is in possession of our troops. The Governor and the members of the Legislature had fled to parts unknown.

FRONT ROYAL RETAKEN.

A brigade of our troops, with four companies of the Rhode Island cavalry in advance, under Major Nelson, entered Front Royal on Friday morning and drove the enemy, consisting of the Eighth Louisiana, four companies of the Twelfth Georgia, and a body of cavalry, out of the town, and now occupy it. Our advance was so rapid that the enemy was surprised, and was therefore not enabled to burn the bridges across the Shenandoah. A dispatch from General Banks himself states that the Fifth New York cavalry, Colonel De Forest commanding, entered Martinsburg on 30th, and passed several miles beyond, where they encountered the enemy's cavalry, captured several prisoners, a wagon, several muskets, ammunition, and an American flag. Thus it appears that a large portion of the ground lost by the recent attack of the rebels upon the reduced forces of General Banks has been recovered.

FREMONT IN THE FIELD.

The following dispatches are published:

Fremont's Head-quarters,
Near Strasburg, *June* 1, 1862.

General Frémont, with a strong column, left Franklin on Sunday, 25th ult., and by rapid forced marches has crossed the Shenandoah mountain ranges, marching nearly one hundred miles over difficult roads, with little means of transportation, and no supplies in the country.

This morning, five miles from Strasburg, he overtook General Jackson in full retreat with his whole force, on the road from Winchester to Strasburg.

Colonel Cluserut, commanding the advance brigade, came upon the enemy, strongly posted with artillery, which opened as soon as the head of his column approached.

General Frémont rapidly brought his main column up, and formed in line of battle.

General Jackson declined to fight, and, while holding Cluserut in check with a portion of his troops, withdrew his main forces and continued his retreat.

In the skirmish five of the Eighth Virginia and two of the Sixtieth Ohio regiments were wounded.

The enemy's loss is unknown. Twenty-five prisoners were taken by our cavalry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Downey, of the Third regiment Potomac Home Brigade, in a skirmish on Thursday morning, drove a large party of Ashby's cavalry through Wardensville, killing two and wounding three.

General Fremont's Head-quarters,
Strasburg, *June* 2, 1862.

General Frémont's advance brigade, under Colonel Cluserut, occupied Strasburg last night without resistance.

Jackson is rapidly retreating before our forces.

A midnight reconnoissance three miles beyond Strasburg came upon a rope barricade and ambush of Jackson's rear-guard, and retired successfully with the loss of only three wounded.

Colonel Figgelmencil, of General Frémont's staff, with only fifteen men, brilliantly charged and put to flight a body of cavalry, commanded by Ashby in person.

GENERAL HUNTER APPROACHING CHARLESTON.

The Charleston papers of the 21st inst. state that four of our vessels had shelled three islands in the harbor on the day previous—namely, Coles, Kiawah, and Goat Islands—and that the rebels had retired after burning their quarters. Coles Island is situated at a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles from the city of Charleston.

GENERAL BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS.

General Butler has suppressed the New Orleans *Delta* and the *Bee* for advocating the destruction of produce. He has arrested several British subjects for giving aid to the rebels. He has seized a large quantity of specie belonging to the rebels from the office of the Consul for the Netherlands; has stopped the circulation of "Confederate" paper money, and has distributed among the suffering poor the provisions intended for the support of the rebel soldiers. And more: he has taken the wife of General Beauregard —who was found to be in New Orleans—under his care and protection, just as General M'Clellan has done the wife of the rebel General Lee, in the neighborhood of Richmond.

GUERRILLAS IN TENNESSEE.

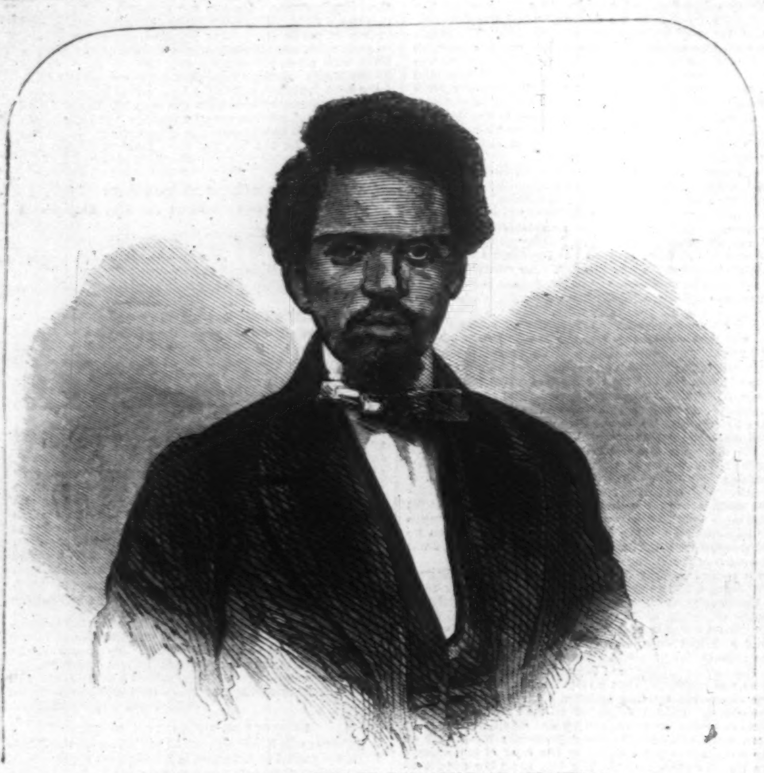
Trouble is breaking out in Western Tennessee, and a considerable force of rebels is said to be at Trenton, ready to march on Union City and Hickman. Union men from Weakley and Obion counties were flocking to Hickman for protection. Four or five hundred rebel cavalry are stationed near the mouth of Obion River, awaiting the draining of the swamp in that region to plant a battery to prevent the passage of our transports on the Mississippi.

PRIZES TAKEN BY OUR CRUISERS.

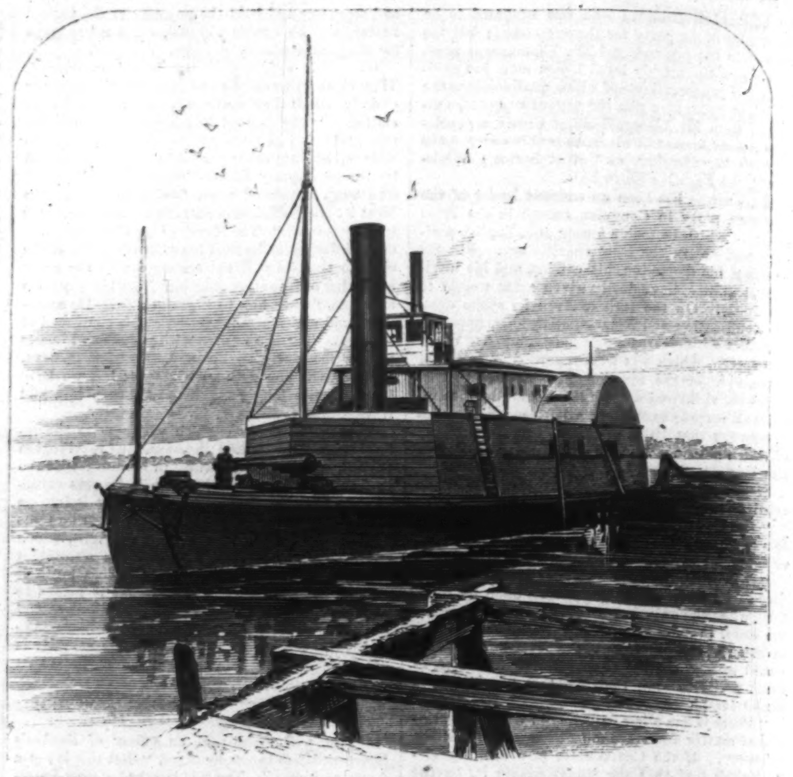
The prize steamer *Patras*, recently captured while attempting to run into Charleston harbor, has arrived here. The vessel and her cargo are valued at $300,000. In addition to this the blockading squadron have already captured the following steamers: The *Circassian* (British), *Bermuda* (British), *Swan*, *Labuan* (British, since restored), *Magnolia*, *Florida*, *Ella Warley*, *Stettin* (British), *Calhoun*, *Lewis*, *Wallace*, *Fox*, and the rebel gun-boat *Planter*, run out of Charleston by loyal contrabands. The aggregate value of these vessels is over $5,000,000.

PERSONAL.

Major-General Dix left Baltimore by steamer on 31st for Fortress Monroe to relieve General Wool from his command at that post. General Wool, it is said, will take the place of General Dix at Baltimore.



ROBERT SMALLS, CAPTAIN OF THE GUN-BOAT "PLANTER."



THE GUN-BOAT "PLANTER," RUN OUT OF CHARLESTON, S. C., BY ROBERT SMALLS, MAY, 1862.

THE STEAMER "PLANTER" AND HER CAPTOR.

We publish herewith an engraving of the steamer *Planter*, lately run out of Charleston by her negro crew, and a portrait of her captain, Robert Smalls—both from photographs sent us by our correspondent at Hilton Head. The following, from the *Herald* correspondence, will explain the transaction:

One of the most daring and heroic adventures since the war commenced was undertaken and successfully accomplished by a party of negroes in Charleston on Monday night last. Nine colored men, comprising the pilot, engineers, and crew of the rebel gun-boat *Planter*, took the vessel under their exclusive control, passed the batteries and forts in Charleston harbor, hoisted a white flag, ran out to the blockading squadron, and thence to Port Royal, *via* St. Helena Sound and Broad River, reaching the flag-ship *Wabash* shortly after ten o'clock last evening.

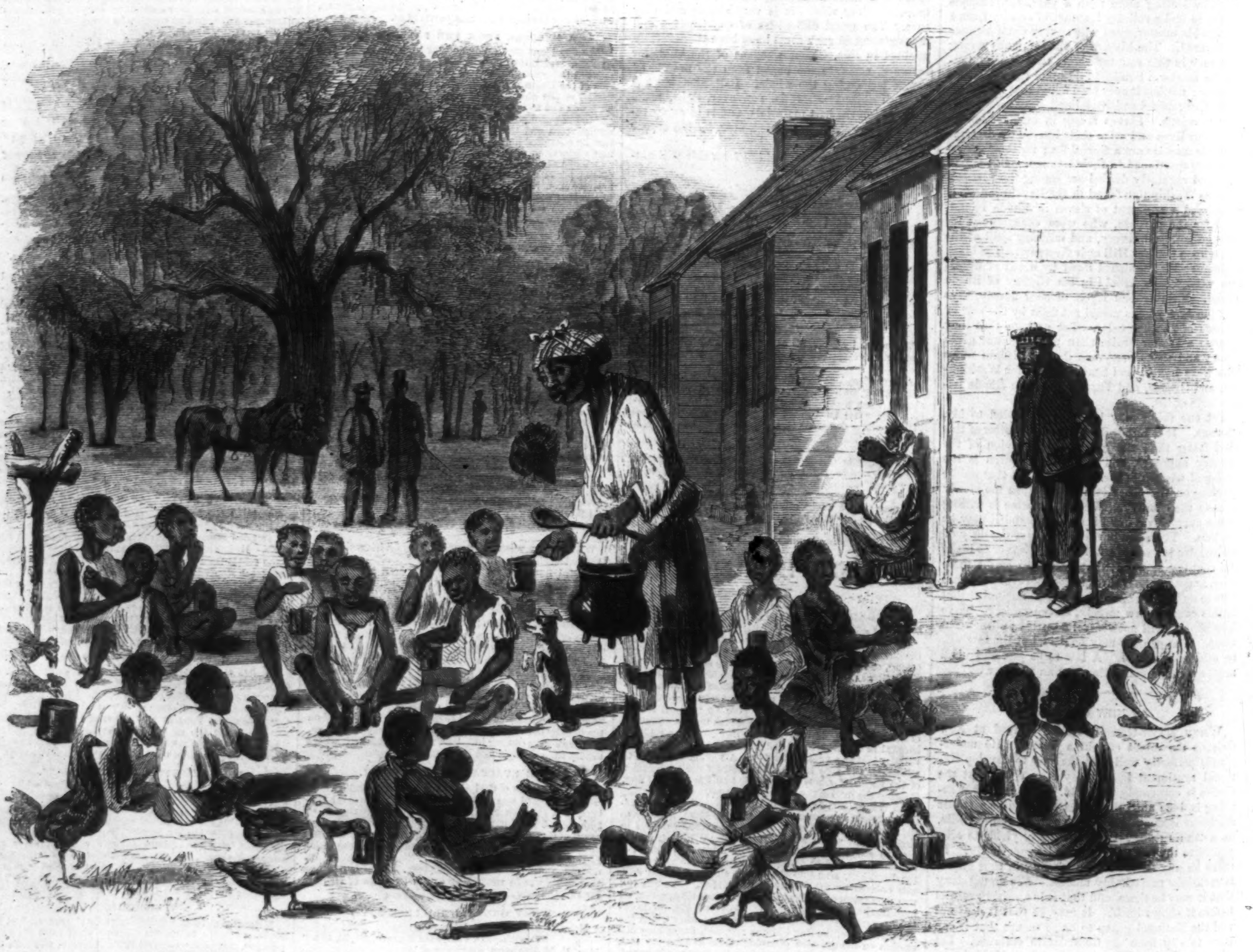
The following are the names of the black men who performed this gallant and perilous service: Robert Smalls, pilot; John Smalls and Alfred Gradine, engineers; Abraham Jackson, Gabriel Turno, William Morrison, Samuel Chisholm, Abraham Allston, and David Jones. They brought with them the wife and three children of the pilot, and the wife, child, and sister of the first engineer, John Smalls. The balance of the party were without families.

The *Planter* is a high-pressure, side-wheel steamer, one hundred and forty feet in length, and about fifty feet beam, and draws about five feet of water. She was built in Charleston, was formerly used as a cotton-boat, and is capable of carrying about 1400 bales. On the organization of the Confederate navy she was transformed into a gun-boat, and was the most valuable war vessel the Confederates had at Charleston. Her armament consisted of one 32-pound rifle gun forward, and a 24-pound howitzer aft. Besides, she had on board when she came into the harbor one seven-inch rifled gun, one eight-inch Columbiad, one eight-inch howitzer, one long 32-pounder, and about two hundred rounds of ammunition, which had been consigned to Fort Ripley, and which would have been delivered at that fortification on Tuesday had not the designs of the rebel authorities been frustrated. She was commanded by Captain Relay, of the Confederate navy—all the other employés of the vessel, excepting the first and second mates, being persons of color.

Robert Smalls, with whom I had a brief interview at General Benham's head-quarters this morning, is an intelligent negro, born in Charleston, and employed for many years as a pilot in and about that harbor. He entered upon his duties on board the *Planter* some six weeks since, and, as he told me, adopted the idea of running the vessel to sea from a joke which one of his companions perpetrated. He immediately cautioned the crew against alluding to the matter in any way on board the boat, but asked them, if they wanted to talk it up in sober earnestness, to meet at his house, where they would devise and determine upon a plan to place themselves under the protection of the Stars and Stripes instead of the Stars and Bars. Various plans were proposed, but finally the whole arrangement of the escape was left to the discretion and sagacity of Robert, his companions promising to obey him and be ready at a moment's notice to accompany him. For three days he kept the provisions of the party secreted in the hold, awaiting an opportunity to slip away. At length, on Monday evening, the white officers of the vessel went on shore to spend the night, intending to start on the following morning for Fort Ripley, and to be absent from the city for some days. The families of the contrabands were notified and came stealthily on board. At about three o'clock the fires were lit under the boilers, and the vessel steamed quietly away down the harbor. The tide was against her, and Fort Sumter was not reached till broad daylight. However, the boat passed directly under its walls, giving the usual signal—two long pulls and a jerk at the whistle-cord—as she passed the sentinel.

Once out of range of the rebel guns the white flag was raised, and the *Planter* steamed directly for the blockading steamer *Augusta*. Captain Parrott, of the latter vessel, as you may imagine, received them cordially, heard their report, placed Acting-Master Watson, of his ship, in charge of the *Planter*, and sent the Confederate gun-boat and crew forward to Commodore Dupont. The families of the crew have been sent to Beaufort, where General Stevens will make suitable provision for them. The crew will be taken care of by Commodore Dupont.

The *Planter* is just such a vessel as is needed to navigate the shallow waters between Hilton Head and the adjacent islands, and will prove almost invaluable to the Government. It is proposed, I hear, by the Commodore,



FEEDING THE NEGRO CHILDREN UNDER CHARGE OF THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES AT HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See next Page.]

to recommend an appropriation of $20,000 as a reward to the plucky Africans who have distinguished themselves by this gallant service—$5000 to be given to the pilot, and the remainder to be divided among his companions.

Our correspondent sends us a drawing of an infernal machine, drawn by one of the negro hands of the *Planter* named Morrison. This chattel, Morrison, gives the following account of himself:

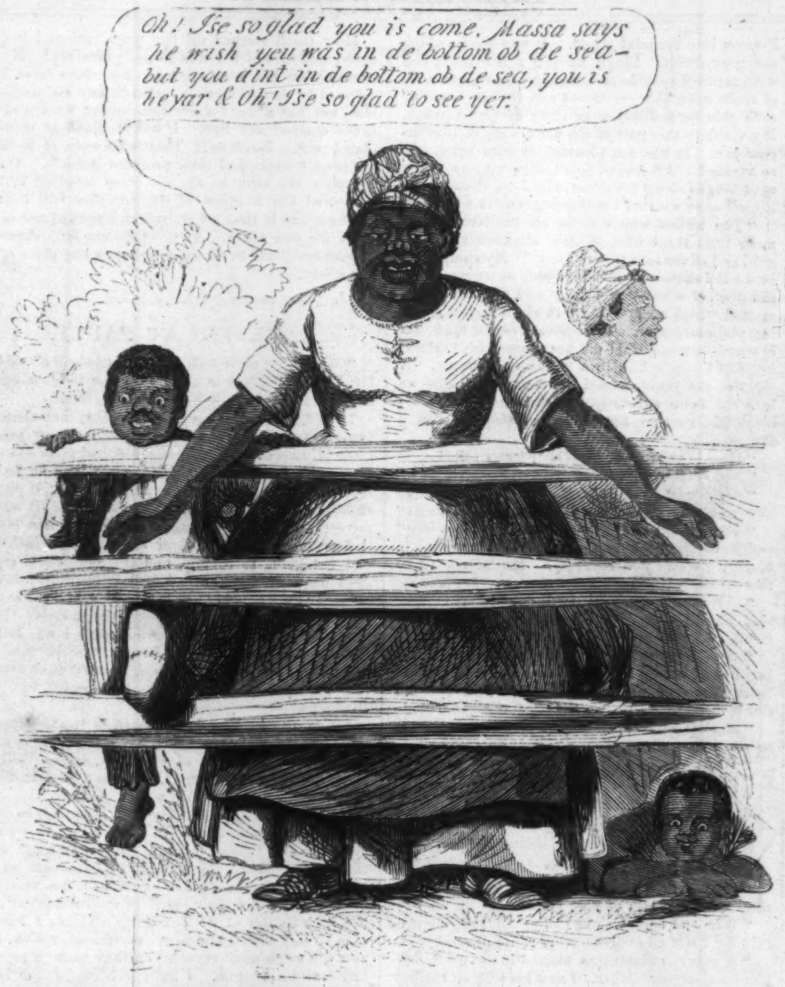
Belonged to Emile Poinchignon; by trade a tinsmith and plumber; has lived all his life in Charleston; was drum-major of the first regiment of the Fourth Brigade South Carolina Militia, and paraded on the 25th of last month; has a wife and two children in Montgomery, Alabama, whom he expects to see when the war is over. I asked him how he learned to read and write. Answer: "I stole it in the night, Sir."

OUR BLACK FRIENDS DOWN SOUTH.

We give herewith a couple of pictures of the only allies we have thus far met among the Southerners. Their skin appears, from our artist's sketches, to be black; but their hearts are not nearly as black as those of the white men who dug up the skeletons of our dead at Manassas, and made ornaments of their bones for their sweet-hearts at home. One of our pictures represents a scene on Hilton Head Island, where we have at present several thousand negroes. General Hunter has wisely converted the adult males into soldiers, for the purpose of garrisoning the Southern forts in the unhealthy season at the South; the females are used as washer-women; the children are being educated, so as to form a useful nucleus hereafter for a free black people at the South. Our picture shows the feeding of these negro picaninnies. Poor little creatures! they are realizing for the first time that they are human beings, and not of the same class in animated nature as dogs and hogs.

Our other picture illustrates a scene which we are told is very common in the States through which our armies have penetrated. The negro woman, hearing of the army's approach, runs out to meet it, and cries: "Oh! I'se so glad you is come. Massa says he wish you was in de bottom ob de sea; but you ain't in de bottom ob de sea, you is he'yar, and oh! I'se so glad to see yer."

These poor creatures realize plainly enough that we are their friends, and they have never let slip an opportunity of showing us that their friendship is worth having.


Oh! I'se so glad you is come. Massa says he wish you was in de bottom ob de sea— but you aint in de bottom ob de sea, you is he'yar & Oh! I'se so glad to see yer.

THE "HARTFORD" IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

On page 369 we present a picture of the flag-ship *Hartford* in the Mississippi, running the gauntlet of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and attacked simultaneously by a fire-raft and a ram—the *Manassas*. She was set on fire and narrowly escaped destruction. The following account of the transaction will explain it:

In the midst of this awful scene down came a tremendous fire-raft, and the Ram shoved her under our port quarter. The flames caught our rigging and side, and for a moment it seemed we must fall a prey to the ravages of fire. A fire was also burning on the berth-deck. The fire hose was on hand, and we soon subdued the flames, and gave the Ram a dose of rifle shell. She, however, came up for us again, but some other vessel tackled her and she hauled off. During this stage of affairs we grounded, and our fate seemed sealed; but our men worked like beavers, and the engineers soon got the ship astern and afloat. It defies the powers of my brain to describe the scene at this time. The river and its banks were one sheet of flame, and the messengers of death were moving with lightning swiftness in all directions. Steadily we plied shell and grape, interspersed with shrapnel. Rebeldom began to quake; her boats were fast being riddled by well-directed broadsides, and they who were able made for the shore to run them on, so that they could save their lives. Some were on fire and others were sinking. Our boys were cheering with a hearty good-will; and well they might, for we had almost won the day, and we were nearly past the forts. Our ship had been on fire three times, and she was riddled from stem to stern. The cabin was completely gutted, the starboard steerage all torn up, and the armory all knocked into "pi." My clothing was strewn abaft decks, and I was obliged to pick it up piece by piece. The manuscript of the bombardment came near to destruction by a rifle shell, which tore up my room and killed one man.

After being under a terrific fire for one hour and twenty minutes we were past the forts, badly cut up; a shot hole through mainmast, two in stern, and several through us. I frankly confess I am unable to describe the scene. Words can not express any adequate idea of the engagement. Wrapped up in smoke, firing and being fired at, shot and shell whistling like locomotive demons around, above, before, and in the rear of you; flames from fire-rafts encircling you, splinters flying in all directions, and shells bursting overhead! Can you imagine this scene? If you can, it is more than I can describe as I would wish to.

BAKER.

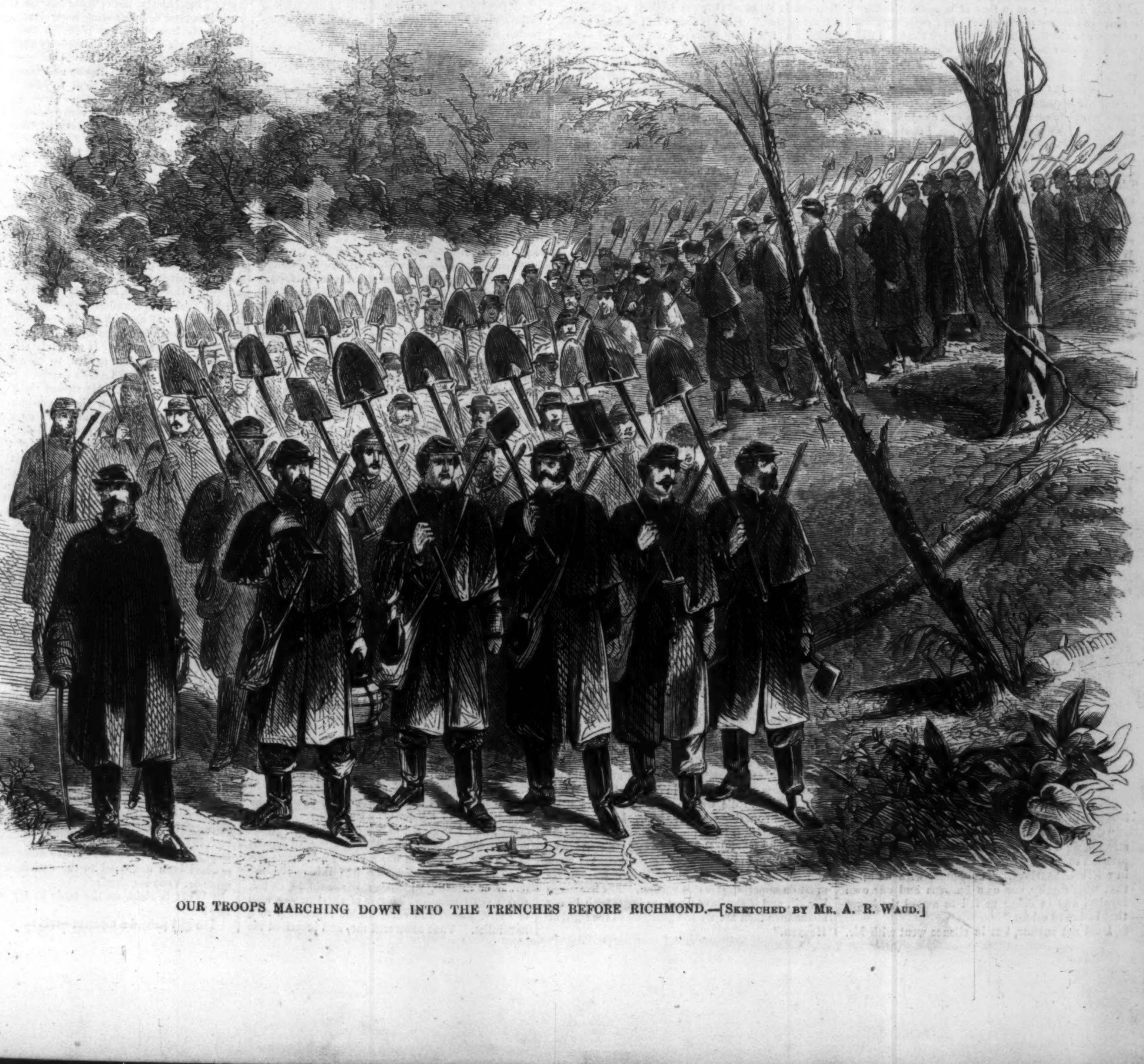
Thou lion-fronted, royal man!
Thou of the swerveless lightning glance,
Whose thunderous eloquence outran,
O'ertopped, the minds it did entrance:
Oh man! made regal by thy might
The many-chorded soul to smite!

The lowly path was not for thee.
Thy mental stature towered above
The wondering eyes upraised to see
The man whose tone and glance could move
A people's heart to love or hate;
Whose touch could guide it like a fate.

The glory of his life was set
Unto a measure high and grand;
The lofty anthem lingers yet
In haunting echoes through the land;
And, greeted with a triumph tone,
He stood, a conqueror—alone!

He fell—and, lo! a mighty wail,
A cry, sublime in grief and strength,
Proclaimed the giant lying pale,
His mighty power undone at length;
And for that wondrous man and strong
Went up a nation's funeral song!

For him a high applauding tone
Shall linger in the halls of Time.
Even as he stood—he fell—alone
A warrior in a strife sublime.
A nation raised his burial stone—
He will not sleep unsung, unknown.



OUR TROOPS MARCHING DOWN INTO THE TRENCHES BEFORE RICHMOND.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

MY CONTRIBUTION.

I had actually subscribed five hundred dollars! Not in all the history of my givings was there a parallel to this. Five hundred dollars! I looked at the filled-up check, after cutting it free from its blank companions, with fond, reluctant eyes ere passing it to other hands; yet was I not the grudging giver this little hesitation implied. My heart was in the cause of national honor and national safety; and in sacrificing something for my country I was but discharging a patriotic duty. This was my contribution to a fund our citizens were raising for hospital and sanitary needs. If double the sum had been required of me, double would have been given.

"So much for my country!" I said in my thought, with a feeling of self-approval. I felt that I was a better and truer man for the act. "If every one would do as well according to circumstances." There came a slight chill to my enthusiasm, consequent on the thought that I was doing so much more, according to my ability, than other people. I had seen the subscription paper. It bore the record of no larger contribution than mine. Two citizens only had put down their names for five hundred dollars.

"To have given equally," I said within myself, "Mr. Harland should have made his contribution a thousand dollars instead of five hundred; and Grant should at least have come up to my figures—dollar for dollar, he is quite as well off as I am. Then, as for Tompkins, I can't see how he had the courage to write down only fifty, in the face of half a dozen poorer men who gave each their hundred. But we have a test of patriotism in this, and know where to place men. Love of country is a fine thing to talk about, but when sacrifice is asked, how rarely do we find word and deed in harmony."

It is the most natural thing in the world to let speech betray our thoughts. As I moved about among friends and acquaintances, a word dropped here and a sentence there revealed the secret of my self-approval; and I doubt not that nearly all of them understood what was going on in my mind—how I considered my contribution to the war fund, taking means into account, as the largest made by any man in the town.

For me, five hundred dollars was a large sum to give away. Tens, twenties, and an occasional fifty, under the pressure of public calls for church or charitable needs, had passed out through the carefully-loosened purse-strings, that drew back again with increasing tightness on the diminished gold; but giving after this liberal and exhausting style was altogether a new experience. I felt something poorer on account thereof, and began to meditate economies. When I paid a thousand dollars for a pair of horses no impression like this was perceived; not even when one of them got injured by a fall, and I parted with him for one hundred and fifty dollars. Here was a dead loss of three hundred and fifty dollars; but in face of it nothing so like a sense of poverty touched me as in face of my contribution to the hospital and sanitary fund. I did not feel poorer for the three hundred dollars expended in preparing and stocking my fish-pond, though the money paid therefor was a sunk investment, every dollar; nor for the six or seven hundred paid for summer-houses, garden-statuary, and fancy work about my grounds and dwelling. All this, being for my own gratification, I could afford. The expense was calculated, and taken as a thing of course. But this five-hundred-dollar gift to our country in her time of pressing need, freely as it was bestowed, left with me a sense of exhaustion, as though weakened by an effort greater than my strength.

No wonder, such being the case, that I talked rather more than was seemly of what I had done. We have in our town an excellent but plain-spoken man, who, his life being one of the strictest integrity, does not stand in fear of any body's opinion. He is not a rough or obtrusive man, but, as I have said, plain-spoken, free from guile and flattery. You can hardly converse with him for ten minutes without knowing yourself a little better than when you began the conversation. His name is Preston.

"We have done our part," I said to him, as we stood together in the street one day. We had been speaking of the war, and the necessity of supporting the Government to the full extent of its needs. I referred, in saying "our part," to the various contributions in men and money which the people in our particular locality had made, and especially to the late subscription, which footed up three thousand dollars. Three thousand dollars, of which I had given a sixth part. I could not fail in this remembrance.

"Yes, and nobly," he answered, with a glow of enthusiasm not often seen blooming his quiet face. "Our people have done nobly, not keeping back their most precious things."

"Three thousand dollars is a liberal sum," I said.

"Yes." His voice dropped a little.

"And of this sum two men gave a third part." It pressed for utterance, and I was weak enough to let it forth.

Mr. Preston did not answer, "And you were one of them." No; but said, in a voice that still fell lower and lower, until it expressed a sentiment of reverence, "There is one in our midst who has given more than these two men a hundred-fold. But the name is not down on any subscription paper."

More precious than silver and gold! Yes, there are things more precious than silver and gold; and I understood Mr. Preston to refer to human life and human love. Shame touched me, and I stood silent and rebuked.

"Come," he said; "walk with me into the next street, only a little way. It is well for us to comprehend these questions of sacrifice and patriotism in all their bearings. The danger with us all is that we magnify our own burdens and our own loyalty, and in doing so fail to award the honor that is due to others."

I did not answer, but in silence went with Mr. Preston into the next street. It was one in which the poor dwelt. Small houses, a few neat, and with tasteful shrubbery about the doors, but most of them miserably neglected and forlorn, stood on each side for a distance of three or four squares. My visits to this part of the town were of rare occurrence. It was not pleasant to gaze upon, and so avoided. All looked poor and mean now as my eyes ranged along the street, and I questioned with myself as to whither I was going, and to what end.

"The widow who cast in all her living gave more than those who, of their abundance, poured gold and silver into the treasury." My companion broke the silence with these words as we paused at the door of a small one story and a half cottage, around which every thing was clean and in order, but plain and poor. His knock was not loud, but low and respectful. I did not answer his remark, but stood beside him in a vague expectancy. A child of ten years opened the door, and looked up into our faces curiously. I saw that she recognized Mr. Preston, but no smile lit up her young face.

"How is your mother to-day?" was asked.

"Not very well. Won't you walk in?"

"No, thank you, my dear. I only stopped to inquire about your mother. Is she able to sit up?"

"Yes, Sir. She sat up 'most all day yesterday, and sewed part of the time. And she's up again to-day. Won't you come in? Maybe she'd like to see you."

"Not this morning; I'll call round again. Say that Mr. Preston called. I'm glad she's better. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Sir!" I felt the low, almost choking flutter of the child's voice away down in my heart; my eyes were dim as I turned away. What did it mean?

"She has given most of all," said my companion as we walked away.

"What has she given?"

"Her husband."

"He is in the army?"

"He is dead!"

"What? Dead!"

"Killed in battle."

I stood still. "In battle?"

"Yes. Three weeks ago the news came. He rests with the slain at Fort Donelson."

"Who and what was he?" I asked, rallying myself, for I felt an overpowering sense of weakness.

"A sober, industrious mechanic; a good husband and a good father. I saw his wife on the day after his march with the regiment that went from here six months ago. The parting had tried her severely; but she was brave with it all, and full of a noble heroism. 'He is strong and courageous, and will do his duty,' she said to me; 'and the country must have such men. I could not cling to him weakly and in tears, as some wives did to their husbands, and hold him back when his heart and conscience bade him go. He is in God's hands. Men die at home of sickness as well as in battle. I trust in God.' Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and her voice betrayed the fear and suffering that were in her heart. Ah, Sir, neither you nor I will ever fully comprehend all that humble wife endured in parting from a good husband, on whose strong arm she had leaned for many years—in parting with him thus."

We walked on again, silent for some moments. How mean and poor seemed my half-extorted gift—I say half-extorted, because there was really more of the spirit of doing to be seen of men than genuine patriotism in the act—to the priceless contribution of this poor woman! I had signed a check for five hundred dollars, that was all. No consciousness of the draft of that check followed. I did not feel my comforts diminishing; I did not relinquish a single pleasure; there was nothing sacrificed except love of money. But she gave her husband! She, poor, dependent on his life for the support of herself and her children, had said, when his country called, Go! And the sacrifice had been complete.

"The blow must have been terrible," I said. "Poor woman! This is indeed sorrow."

"She staggered and fell," was replied. "For a week the struggle between life and death was almost evenly balanced. Then the slow reaction came, and the poor crushed heart began to gather up its rent fibres, and to string its quivering nerves for new efforts and new duties. The strong arm on which she had leaned for so many years was broken, and she must stand henceforth alone. How she faltered and staggered with uncertain steps at first! For hours she would sit and weep. But slowly strength came, and now, you remember the child's words, 'She sat up 'most all day yesterday, and sewed part of the time.' A heavy burden has been laid upon her, and she must walk henceforth with stooping shoulders and weary feet. Her own hands must earn the food with which her children are to be fed, and the garments with which they are to be clothed. Her toil and her care are more than twice doubled; and with them are the widow's loneliness and the widow's sorrow. What are my war-burdens, what are yours to this? Ah, Sir, there is no room for complaint or boasting. With us the sacrifice is as nothing in comparison. It is hardest with those who are least thought of, and who get least of public sympathy."

"We must do something for this woman," said I. "Her case touches me deeply."

"Your possessions and mine would lose more than half their value were such a calamity as the dismemberment of our country to fall," was answered. "Our enemies are men in arms, and we must oppose man with man in fierce battle. While they fight and die we are at home, and in their blood and suffering we find safety. Is there honor, is there justice, is there humanity in forgetting this service, and leaving the widows and orphans of our dead soldiers to bear unaided their burdens of want and sorrow? I think not. Yes, assuredly we must do something for this woman. She has given her all, and if she have no share henceforth in our abundance then are we not guiltless in the sight of Heaven."

How small seemed all the contributions I had made, and of which I was so self-gratulant! My cheeks were hot with shame. Not since have I referred to that last subscription in any conversation, nor has a word about the coming burden of taxes escaped my lips. I would blush at complaint now. Burdens! They who seem to have the largest share feel their pressure lightest. On the poor, the humble, the too often despised and neglected the heaviest of our troubles will fall. Let us see to it that we sin not in forgetfulness of what we owe them. That we do not let widows and orphans cast in all their living as the price of our safety.

A SEERESS AT FAULT.

"Will you come out with me to-night?" said Dr. Clay. "There is a seeress come to Chasinglea, and I am going to have a look at her."

Dr. Clay was a college friend of mine, then about five-and-twenty. I was "on leave" from my professional avocations in London, and had gone down to spend a few days at Chasinglea, where he had recently begun to practice, hoping to forget, if possible, the existence of the printer's devil. It was my second night there, and a wet one; I had settled myself down to a cigar and a book, which I was not going to review, and therefore could enjoy: for to amateurs a bad book is bearable; to a reviewer even a good book is a burden, and the better the book, not unfrequently, the heavier the burden. From such unwonted luxury I was loth to be roused even by Dr. Clay, though he was a delightful companion, as young physicians of first-rate ability usually are. So I answered indignantly:

"Nonsense! You do not mean to say that you intend to get wet through and spend half-a-crown in order to see a set of conjuring tricks badly played. Stay here, and I will show you half a dozen, quite as good, with a pack of cards."

"I don't know," said Clay; "I always take interest in conjuring tricks till I know how they are done. Now, though I grant you that some of these *clairvoyantes*, mesmerists, table-turners, and modern magicians of all kinds are the veriest quacks alive, and their jugglery as transparent as the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, I have seen things shown and done, my friend, which, if you can explain or reveal, you may make a reputation and a fortune. I have seen excision of the breast performed by a mesmerist, the patient remaining perfectly unconscious the while. Not only did she not scream or speak, but the face gave no sign of pain. I have known more than one case of life preserved by a mysterious warning given in dream or waking to persons with no previous notion of impending danger, and I once was witness to a most extraordinary case of *clairvoyant* revelation, which made a lasting impression on my mind, from the perfect impossibility of any trick or collusion—which, indeed, no one could have suspected who watched the dreamer's face. And the most extraordinary part of the matter is," he added, reflectively, "that the whole story was *false from beginning to end.*"

"That," rejoined I, "appears to me the most natural and intelligible result. It will be the same to-night. Do stay quietly by the fire."

"No, I really must go," said my friend, obstinately. "I can not miss even a chance of getting at some fact which may help to confirm or destroy the embryo theory I have formed on the subject of *clairvoyance*. So I am going to get wet, and spend five shillings, and you had better come too."

So I put down my book and went out, when the rain speedily deprived me of my cigar. We got drenched, and the Seeress proved as very a quack as I in my impatience had predicted. Dr. Clay put two questions—one within his own knowledge, and one to be speedily ascertained, viz., "What is my friend's age?" and "What letters have come for me since I left home an hour ago?" Both were answered glibly, and *both wrong*. The Seeress added twelve years to my age, and informed Dr. Clay that two letters had come for him—both from ladies—whereat one or two of the little audience simpered, for Dr. Clay is a general favorite, but not exactly a "lady's man," still less a lady's doctor. He got up and walked out, and I with him.

"Well!" I said.

"This is the third mere impostor I have seen in a year," remarked Dr. Clay, quietly; "but I had rather see ten such than miss one opportunity of witnessing a case of real *clairvoyance*."

"Is there such a thing?" I demanded, skeptically, "for my credulity goes no further than a firm belief in a fiend with inky fingers, unwashed face, and incessant craving for 'copy.'"

"When you have heard my first experience on the subject," replied he, "I think you will ask that question in a somewhat different tone. Will you come round by my lodgings to see if there are any messages for me? and then we will smoke a pipe at your rooms, and you shall hear the history."

There was one note for the Doctor, from an old farmer, queerly spelled and oddly expressed; but my friend did not think it worth while to go eight miles into the country that night to attend to an attack of gout, so we adjourned to my rooms, where, amidst exhalations of smoke, I heard the following tale:

It was (said the Doctor) about four years ago. I had just passed my first examination, and one or two answers of mine had been fortunate enough to attract the attention of old Vane, among whose other peculiarities is a strong *penchant* toward the investigation of mysteries. He took some notice of me, and I ventured to ask him some questions about a *clairvoyante* who just then attracted considerable curiosity. She was a young and very pretty girl; the mesmerist who had discovered her power or disease, whichever it should be called, was a gentleman—which few of them are—a man of sense, honor, and considerable reputation as a naturalist. Vane answered me, and promised me an introduction to her. I asked him what his experience of her art had been—whether it was a reality or a sham, and whether it seemed capable of being applied to any practical use.

"It is no sham," he said. "The girl herself *does not know* that she possesses these powers. Arnold never allows clairvoyance to be named in her presence when she is awake. He himself is above suspicion. As to any practical result, I am very doubtful. Hitherto, Ellen has never told us any thing previously unknown. She answers correctly regarding things certainly unknown to *her*, and places she has never seen; but she does not answer, except reluctantly and uncertainly, any questions concerning which *no one else* has any knowledge. She has told me the exact place of every article in my study, and even the contents of my table-drawers, though she never entered my house—nor did Arnold—and we were six miles away from it at the time. But she broke down entirely in trying to tell us what was at that moment going on in the House of Commons, in the *Times* printing-office, and in Windsor Park—all three easier to guess, and at least as easy to know, one would think. But you shall see her yourself."

A few days after this a friend of my brother, Cleveland by name, returned from a tour he had taken for the benefit of his health in Edward's company. We had not heard from Edward for some ten days or more, and it happened that I wished to write to him on business. So, hearing that Cleveland had returned unexpectedly, I sought him out, and inquired where my brother was. He started, and seemed uncomfortable, and then answered:

"We did not agree very well: I was in a hurry, and he preferred to travel slowly; so he left me at the Aigischorn, and I came home at once through France."

The answer and Cleveland's manner were a little peculiar. Why did Edward "leave him," rather than he Edward, seeing that it was he who wished to travel fast? And why did he seem agitated on seeing me? But I was not much surprised or disturbed. Probably Cleveland had behaved ill, and driven Edward to leave him in disgust, and was now ashamed of himself. For he had the reputation of being quarrelsome in the extreme, and was certainly shy, nervous, restless, and uncomfortable to an extraordinary degree. Edward, than whom no more kindly and patient friend ever lived, had always taken his part; had affirmed that Cleveland was a man of genius, and thoroughly good at heart, and had chosen him, much to my surprise, as his companion, in the hope that travel, change of scene, and rest from anxiety and overstudy might bring him better health and spirits. Certainly the experiment had been a complete failure. Cleveland was pale, thin, sallow, and careworn; his habitual restlessness greater than ever; the unmistakable expression of nervous suffering on his face more marked than I had yet seen it. His eyes moved incessantly, never steady for an instant in their gaze, but never meeting mine. His left hand, constantly trembling, was occupied with a paper-knife; his right fumbled continually at the handle of his table-drawer, which he did not open. I was touched by his evident illness, and turned from a subject which seemed painful to him. I talked about the college examinations; told him of my success; and finally of the *clairvoyante*, to whose *levée* of that evening I had received two cards of admission.

"Let me go with you," he said, sharply and suddenly.

"With pleasure," said I. "Only we have little time to lose; I must be there by seven; it is now twenty minutes after six, and you have your toilet to make."

For, though dressed with faultless neatness when he appeared out of doors, Cleveland always spent his days in his room in a curious undress; his naked feet thrust into a pair of worked slippers, his arms and throat bare, his short curled hair covered with a Turkish fez, and his upper garment consisting of a sort of sack of red flannel, falling to the knees, and with two holes cut in it for the free play of his muscular arms. It certainly seemed as if some time would be needed to transform this strange figure into a London dandy. But it was done in five minutes. He turned the key in the table-drawer, laid down the paper-knife, passed into his bedroom, and returned in an incredibly short time in plain black evening-dress, his small hands nervously drawing on a pair of white kid gloves. I, who never wear a "tail-coat" if I can help it, was almost ashamed of my own attire. We started, however, arm in arm, he walking at a pace with which I could scarcely keep up. The *séance* had not begun when we arrived, and the room into which we were ushered was a dark one.

"Bring a light, please," said Cleveland, abruptly, giving half a crown to the servant. And he remained in the entrance-hall till the light was brought, and we entered the room together. "I hate darkness," he observed, impatiently. "I always think of death."

Other visitors arrived; we were admitted to the operating-room, where we sat in a semicircle, some twelve of us, surrounding the couch on which the patient sat, already in a deep mesmeric sleep. Mr. Arnold stood behind her. She looked exceedingly beautiful, I must say, and what you would call extremely fragile. I felt sure, as I saw her, that she was doomed; and I was inclined to accuse the mesmerist of her murder. He did not think, of course, that he was injuring her; I did, and I think so still. A few passes, and she was roused into that undefined and uncomprehended state of the nervous system which is peculiar to the subjects of mesmerism, and which I can neither describe nor explain. Mr. Arnold gave permission to us each in turn to put a question to her. Several were asked; I only remember the three last. After all the others had been answered to the satisfaction of the querists, Vane inquired:

"What is there on the table in my study to-day?"

The girl paused a moment—said:

"I have been there before....Oh!" with a shudder of disgust; "it is a hand—a woman's hand—oh, horrible, horrible!"

Vane whispered across Cleveland, who sat between us:

"She never was there; but she described it all perfectly last time I saw her. To-day I brought a specimen, preserved in spirits, of frightful disease of the hand. She would not, if she saw it, know it for a woman's."

Cleveland's turn was next. He was very pale, and his ungloved right hand was clasped on his heart. The glove had fallen to the ground, and he was absently crushing it with the restless motion of his foot.

"How shall I die?" was his question, in a deep, tremulous, husky tone that made us all start with sudden horror.

Its effect on the seeress was still more marked. She sprang into a sitting posture, and trembled from head to foot, seeming unable to speak. The question was repeated.

"I—don't—know," she slowly replied: then suddenly, "Oh no, *no*, NO!" the last word rising to a shriek.

Cleveland's face was ghastly beyond description or conception. There was a pause: Mr. Arnold exerted himself to calm the girl, and presently called on me for a final question.

"What has become of my brother?"

A moment's hesitating silence—a strange look of surprise, information, horror unspeakable, succeeding one another on her pale, delicate face; and then a fearful, unearthly scream, which froze the very blood in our veins. I never knew before what "spiritual terror" meant. Assuredly I would rather meet any bodily danger than hear that scream and see that face again. Even Arnold was appalled, or I think he would have interposed before the answer came in words: at first low, tremulous, uncertain; then clear, rapid, agitated, while the girl's whole frame quivered with terrible excitement.

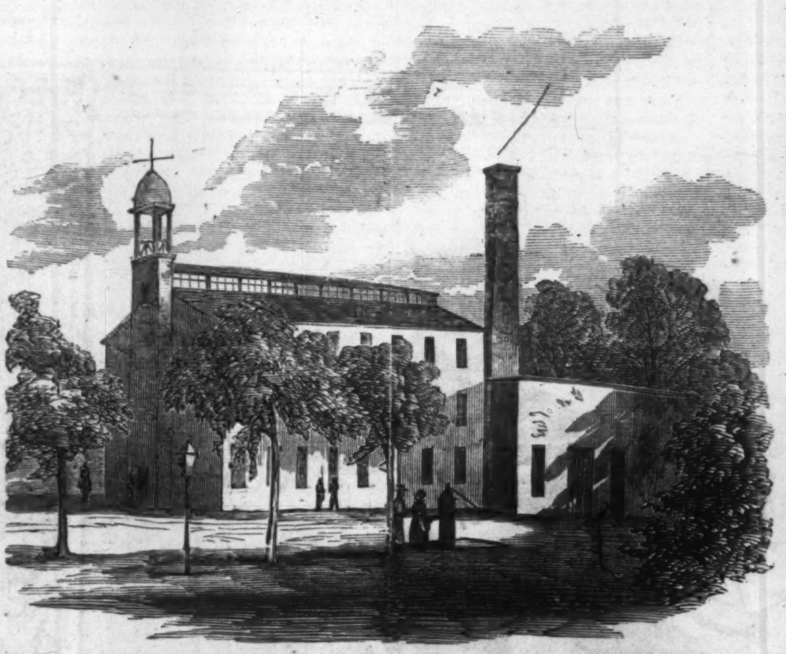
"I see—a mountain of snow, a precipice on one side, a narrow road winding along the edge. Down, down—at the bottom of that precipice, in a dry bed of a stream—there is a body covered with blood—oh, horrible! I can not bear to look. It has been thrown there—thrown down from the road. Wait a moment and I will tell you how. There are two men—they come out of a house, and they are walking up the snow-mountain, along the road, close to the edge of the precipice. One of them turns—he will not go on—he will go back. The other laughs at him; he speaks—I do not hear what they say—he speaks kindly to him. But the pale man is angry; he strikes his friend—oh, God! he has flung him over the precipice; he has *murdered* him!"

I was horror-struck; I could not rouse myself to think or speak. The girl's look and tone carried conviction, as strong as if the scene she described in these broken sentences had been actually passing before her eyes. Vane's voice it was I heard next:

"What is the murderer like?"

"He is tall, strong, pale—" She sprang suddenly from her seat. "He is HERE!" she screamed, and, laying her hand on Cleveland's shoulder, she exclaimed, with a shriek which rang through the room, "THOU ART THE MAN!"

I need not attempt to portray the scene that followed. Indeed, I could scarcely see or hear. I only knew that Cleveland had sprung from his seat, dashed aside the arms that were stretched out to seize him, and was gone. The girl had fallen back upon her couch in violent convulsions; and the mesmerist, himself trembling in every limb, was trying to awaken her from the unnatural sleep which had been visited with so fearful a vision.



THE CONFEDERATE MILITARY PRISON AT SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, WHERE MANY UNION PRISONERS ARE CONFINED.—[DRAWN BY SERGEANT WILL, 20TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.]

Vane got me out of the room, I do not recollect how; and when I became fully conscious of what was passing we were on our way to Cleveland's lodgings. Arrived there, Vane inquired if he was in, and was answered, "Yes, Sir; he is just gone up stairs. We were quite frightened about him, he looked so ill." We ran up to the sitting-room, which was on the first floor. The table-drawer was open: in it my eye caught sight of some papers tied in a bundle and directed in Cleveland's bold but irregular hand to me. Beside these was the silver-mounted ivory butt of a small pistol. Cleveland's hat and gloves lay on the table; the owner was not there. My hand was on the latch of the bedroom door, and I had just become aware that it was locked, when the report of a pistol rang in my ear. I felt as if it had been fired close to my head. In another moment Vane sprang at the door, burst it open with his weight, and we entered the bedroom.

Cleveland lay on the bed, his white shirt-front soaked with blood. The still smoking pistol—fellow to that left in the drawer—had fallen from his right hand, which hung by his side. Vane tore open his dress, and we saw a small hole, just above the heart, in the scorched vest and shirt, from which the blood had sprung over the clothes. Life was already extinct, of course.

* * * * * * *

The papers directed to me were produced at the inquest. They contained an account, incoherent but circumstantial, of the murder of my unhappy brother, committed, said the writer, in a moment of passion, utterly unpremeditated, and bitterly repented. The paper closed with some strange and incomprehensible passages, expressive of gratitude and affection for the murdered man. Vane's evidence induced the jury to return a verdict of insanity, and Cleveland's remains received Christian burial.

It was not till the third night after his death that I was able to sleep. Then my slumber was deep and profound; and it was with difficulty that my landlady roused me at nine the next morning to receive "a large foreign letter, which she thought might—might be of consequence." I jumped out of bed mechanically, and received it at the door.

Good Heaven! it was Edward's handwriting—bore, too, a post-mark only five days old. It must have been posted after his death by some one who had taken possession of his papers. I tore it open. More astonishing still, it bore date the same day on which it was posted. A passage in which Cleveland's name occurred at once attracted my eye. It ran as follows:

> My unlucky *compagnon de voyage* has left me. I was forced to let him go; for he quarreled with me, and would have struck me, on a precipitous path, with a sheer descent of a hundred feet on one side, and an equally steep ascent on the other, where one false step would have cost one or both of us our lives. He had been moody and restless all morning, and finally, as we reached the most dangerous part of the road, stopped, refused to go any further, and declared that he must immediately return to England. I was surprised, and, when I noticed the expression of his eyes, a little alarmed. I tried, however, to laugh him out of his sudden fancy, but had no success; he grew angry, and, when I persisted, struck at me with his alpenstock. I warded the blow; and he instantly turned, and ran down the hill as if the furies pursued him. I waited till he was out of sight, and then retraced my steps, hoping to find him at the hotel. But he had been too rapid in his movements; had paid the bill, and was gone an hour before I arrived, nor could I follow him, for no vehicle or horse was left in the place. If he gets safe back to England, my dear fellow, pray look after him; for—though you must keep it to yourself, or only hint it to Dr. Vane—I am firmly convinced that Cleveland is, or soon will be, INSANE!

Insane! here was the solution of the terrible mystery. Edward was safe and well; and the whole story of the murder was the creation of a diseased brain, of which all who heard it had been the dupes, and of which the deluded author was the wretched victim. The vision of the *clairvoyante*, coinciding as it did with the story previously written out by the self-imagined murderer, was a mere reflection of his delusion, which hastened his end before Edward's return could dispel the horrible fancy. The event gave such a shock to Arnold that he never ventured to practice the art again.

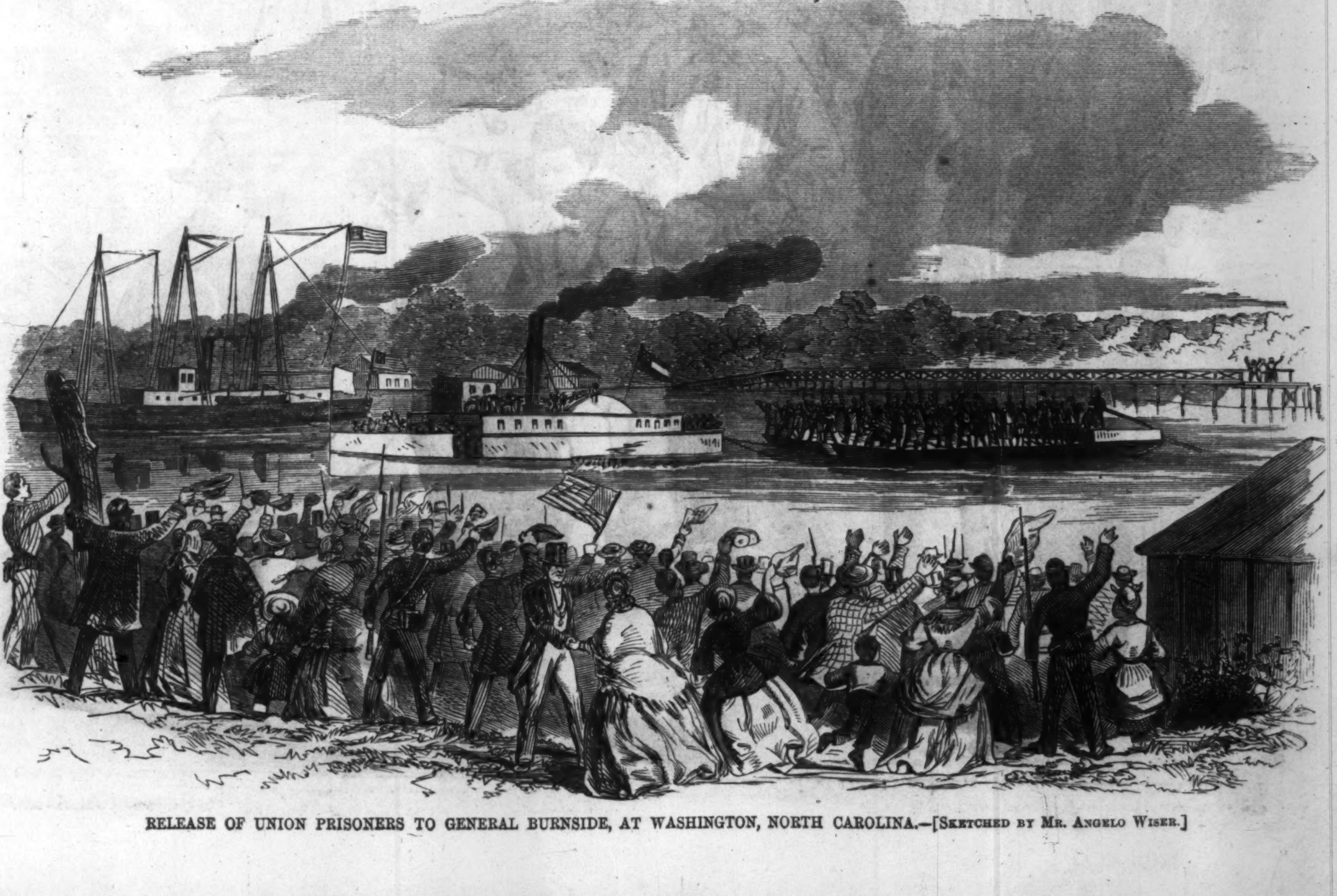
"And has it not had the same effect on you?" I inquired. "I should have thought it would have caused you to shrink from all such mysteries and mummeries for the future."

"Far from it," returned Clay, seriously. "It seemed to throw a certain light on a difficult and abstruse part of physical science; for I need hardly say that I regard the phenomena of mesmerism and *clairvoyance* as purely physical, however abnormal; and I intend to follow out the clew, at least till I have learned whether or no all these phenomena may be traced to one cause—which we know to be operative in mesmerism—the influence of one human mind upon another, as metaphysicians would say; or, more properly speaking, of the brain of one human being on the nervous system of another artificially excited and peculiarly susceptible. If it be true, as I suspect, that no *clairvoyante* ever has told us or ever can tell us any thing that has not already passed through the mind of some living and present mortal—that they all are mere receptive mirrors of other minds—such evidence as I shall collect will go far to establish the truth, and to set men's minds at rest about the mystery; perhaps to teach them that, while on the stage of life, we are to be indulged with no real glimpses behind the curtain. You have let your pipe go out; mine is smoked to an end; good-night."

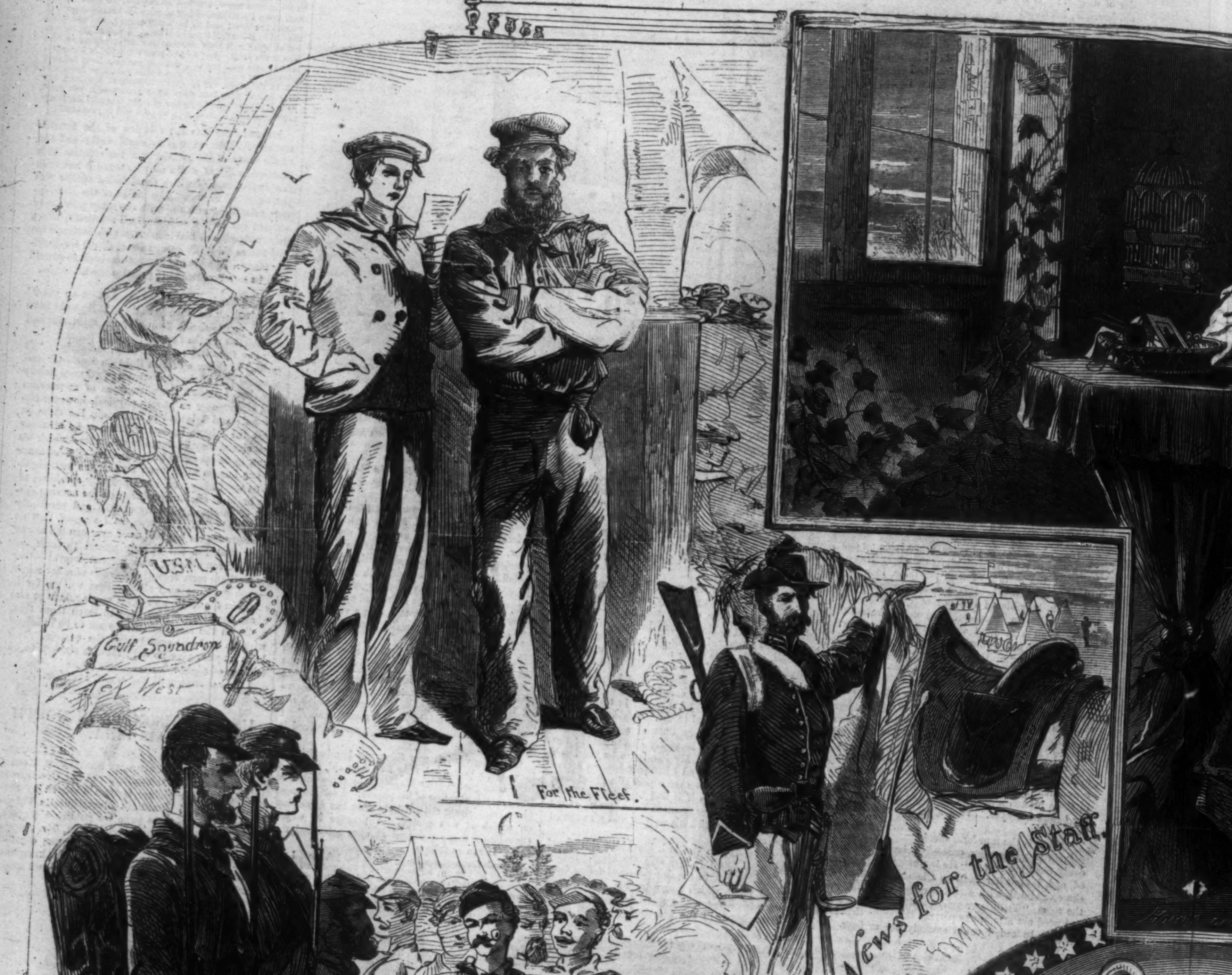
I did not sleep well that night, I confess.

UNION PRISONERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

WE publish on this page a view of the CONFEDERATE MILITARY PRISON AT SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, where the gallant Colonel Corcoran is confined. Our picture is from a sketch by Sergeant F. Will, Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers. On the same page we publish a picture, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Angelo Wiser, of RELEASED UNION PRISONERS COMING THROUGH THE DRAW-BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA. They were on board two scows and a steamer.



RELEASE OF UNION PRISONERS TO GENERAL BURNSIDE, AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ANGELO WISER.]


For the Fleet.
U.S.N.
Gulf Squadron
Key West
News for the Staff.
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Our Special Artist.
ILLUSTRATE

NEWS FROM THE WAR.—[Drawn by our Sp

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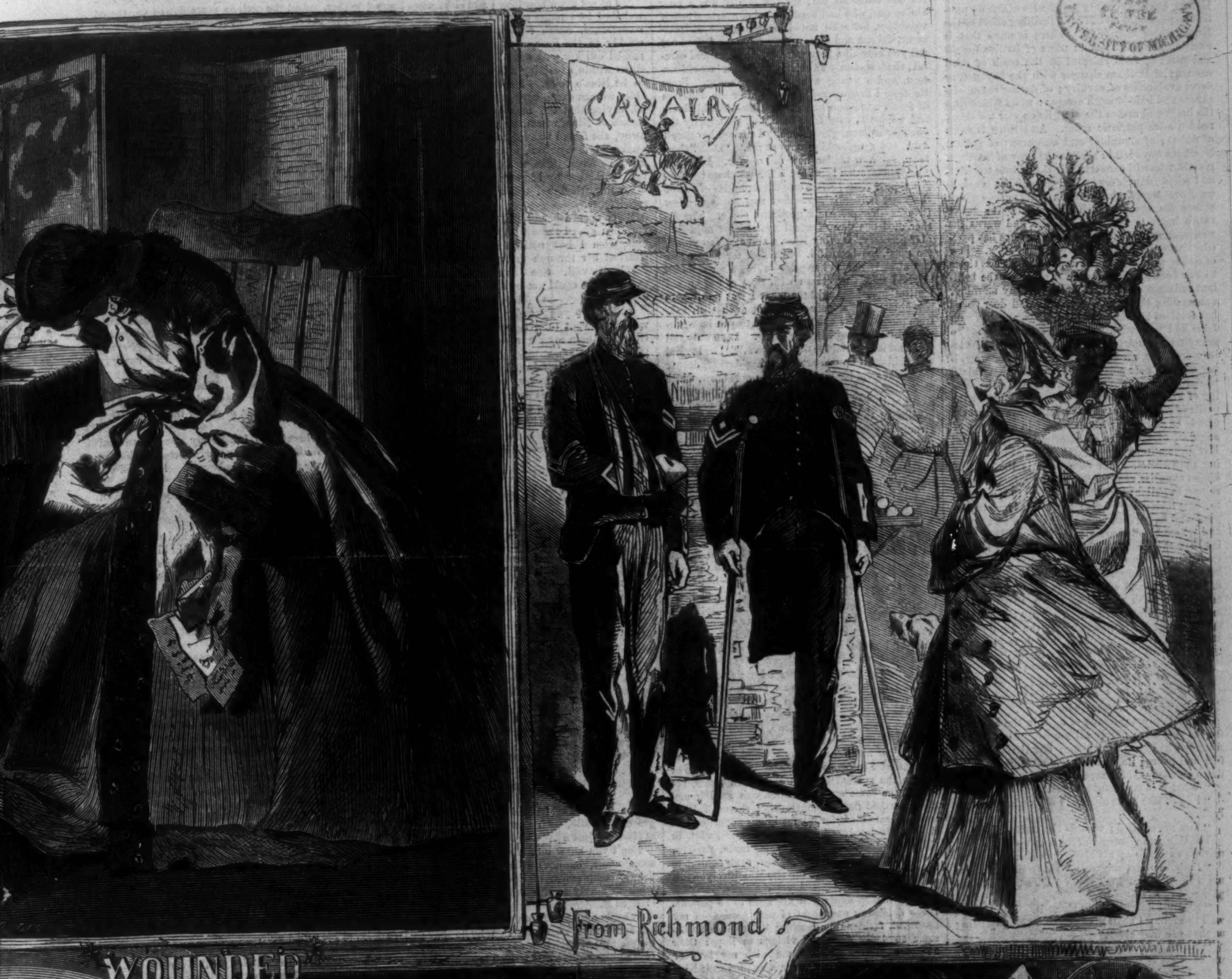
CAVALRY
From Richmond
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'S WEEKLY
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WS
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The News paper Train

our Special Artist, Mr. Winslow Homer.]

NEWS FROM THE WAR.

One of our most ingenious artists, Mr. Winslow Homer, has portrayed in the picture which we publish on pages 376 and 377 the thrilling effect of the News from the War. There is news that is exciting and triumphant: news of battles fought and won; of forts stormed in the teeth of rebel cannon; of brilliant charges with the bayonet, or fierce avalanches of cavalry; of daring reconnoissances and hair-breadth escapes: news which fires the heart and makes the eye glisten and the cheek redden with patriotic ardor. And there is news of defeat; of slaughter and massacre; of gallant Northern boys left to become the prey of Southern ghouls, who will convert their skulls into trophies, and whose daughters and wives will not blush to wear ornaments made of their bones; news which makes the cheek blanch, and nerves the brave man's heart to further encounters, and warns the wise man that the time for half-measures has passed. *News of the war!* We all live on it. Few of us but would prefer our newspaper in those times to our breakfast. To some it comes as the brilliant radiance of sunlight after a gloomy morning, announcing that one who is near and dear to us has fulfilled the hopes of his friends, and has won fame and promotion and a place in history. To many tender hearts news of the war, be it of victory or defeat, merely means the death or wounding of some dear soldier. How little they think, whose lovers or brothers are reported in the fatal list of killed and wounded, of the triumphs or the perils of the Union cause! Little she recks, whose face is buried in her handkerchief in an agony of anguish, of the utter discomfiture of the rebels! Her discomfiture is more complete and more abiding than theirs. And then there is the news of Union victories, conveyed through trumpet-tongued rumor, to gallant Unionists in prison in the South, to cheer their dreary days; to wounded men in hospital and in sorrow, whose pains seem less acute, and whose blood courses more freely as they realize that the cause in which they suffered has received new lustre; to soldiers in the camp, who hear, with half-suppressed jealousy, of glories they did not share, and who vow, as they listen to the news, that when their time comes, they too will make themselves heard of. The only thing which thrills every heart nowadays is the *News of the War*. Mr. Homer, we think, has done justice to his subject.

THE DESERTER.

"Come here a moment, please."

We had only a glimmer of light in the hospital, for the cots were nearly all empty. Most of our wounded had been sent home; but the moon was full, and poured its white stream of radiance right down on the face of the man who had spoken to me.

"What is it you want?" I asked.

"I don't like to be alone. I feel rather strangely."

"You are excited; what is the matter?"

The thin, keen features of the man wore an eager, restless expression; his black eyes shone fiercely.

"I'm a deserter, you know. This wound troubles me a little. You don't think I deserted from cupidity, do you?"

"Really I know nothing about it. You are not well to-night; I shall give you something quieting so that you may sleep."

"No, no, just stay here a moment. Don't leave me."

He looked so eager that I sat down on his cot, felt his pulse again, rearranged his bandages, and placed his pillow more comfortably.

"Your touch is gentle as a woman's," he said, gratefully, sighing as he spoke. I sat still a little while, then rose to order his medicine, but he grasped me by the hand and drew me down again by him.

"This moonlight reminds me of the night I came near losing my sword-arm. I was lieutenant in a Louisiana regiment. We had a pretty hard brush with your fellows, and I found myself face to face with the toughest subject you ever saw. Twice I thought myself gone: our cartridges were out, and with a great shout of 'Liberty and Union!' the Yankee came at me with his sabre, cutting a gash in my arm that laid me low. Fortunately they had to fly just then, or I should have been in the other world. When I came to my senses, I was all alone with just such a glare of moonlight in my eyes as shines to-night. I was very weak and consuming with thirst, and not especially thankful to my brave comrades for thus leaving me in the lurch. You must know that I joined the army without a spark of love for secession: not a jot of principle in the matter—purely from the love of adventure, and with my French blood tingling at the thought of 'la gloire.' I have had different teaching since; so you need not be hasty in thinking me very contemptible. Glory has been the dream of my life."

Pale, wasted as he was, the young lieutenant's face had a strange fascination in it. Now his eyes gleamed again, his proud mouth was tremulous with feeling that, of course, was yet incomprehensible to me. I tried to make him be silent; but so intense was his desire to speak that I found it best to listen calmly—best for more reasons than one: life was low in the chalice, perhaps my listening might sweeten its last few drops.

"Yes, glory has been a bright dream ever since I could listen to old stories of my ancestors in other lands, where our name was a proud one, a name I have tried to keep with honor. Well, I woke in the moonlight with a dim sense of concern for my generous friends who had left me to fate, and a very urgent desire to get water; so I managed to crawl through the woods, sometimes rising to my feet only to fall again, though I had tied my handkerchief round my arm to stop the bleeding. I recollected passing a farm-house before the fray, and as well as I could made my way for it. I was fortunate; though alarmed, the occupants were accustomed to danger and kindly took me in. For some time I was very ill: during my illness our regiment was ordered off; indeed the Federals had gained possession of that part of the country. No one molested me; for the family was a poor Union one, who had been robbed of nearly all their valuables, but who, notwithstanding our ill-treatment, did not make known my refuge. I need not tell you how kind they were, how patient and careful; there was only an elderly woman, a boy of fourteen, and a young woman in the family. From the time I first opened my eyes after the delirium of fever, until—no matter for time—but kindness and tenderest care from both, but principally the younger woman, greeted me. I can see her great, dark, sad eyes looking now at me. 'Dieu!' how beautiful, how tender, how full of love. Love, did I say? adoration! What a life was hers! Poor Nina, poor Nina! She was the daughter of one of the most influential, proudest merchants in New Orleans—her mother a quadroon slave. The father died one day of apoplexy without adjusting his 'property,' leaving Nina a slave. Too proud, too good, too beautiful. She fled, for her *mother* had already named her price—three thousand dollars. I gnash my teeth with rage at our cursed institution—she taught me what I was fighting to perpetuate. She, poor Nina, not even then safe from pursuers. I can not express to you how gentle and tender was her care of me. I can only tell you that it inspired the deepest love." The invalid raised himself on one arm, flashing darker, deeper than ever were his black eyes—a noble brow, white and thin to spirituality—the proud lips quivering again with pain and passion. Again I tried unavailingly to soothe him—he must have felt the strong tide of life ebbing, but it seemed only to nerve him on to speaking.

"I had left in New Orleans rare beauties, my own cousins—proud, elegant women; I have frittered time away over soulless creatures; I have believed myself in love with these moths, glittering, gaudy, vain beings; but never had I loved truly till I saw Nina. You do not know what it cost me to confess this even to myself. I, who had dreamed of glory all my life—I, who had proudest of blood in my veins—I to love a woman tainted with African lineage! I feel wild—the room swims—hush, you must listen! Nina's voice was rich with melody, but it became torture. Her gentle, healing touch distracted me, her light footfall, her winning womanliness and modesty all jarred. I was nearly mad, and because I loved her—loved her whose price was *three thousand dollars!*

"I can see the room where I lay day after day battling dire thoughts—wan and weak, weaker than now, for to-night I am strong. My wound would not heal, for my brain was on fire. So lying there on the nice white pillows, fanned or read to by that beautiful, sad, passionate woman, who, even in her nice sense of beauty and order, in her loving desire to please, in her longing to amuse or change the current of my unhappy thoughts, betrayed the same emotion which was galling me. She wreathed flowers dextrously; she cooked the most delicate birds for my fastidious appetite; she sang softly low-toned ballads, rich and sweet, in old French words. And I, cold, mute, passive, listened with ears intent to hear, eyes aching to drink in her loveliness; for she was lovely—yes, though worth only *three thousand dollars!*

"I will stop soon; you are kind to be patient. I was dreaming one night of past scenes—of my beautiful, fashionable cousins; but their faces became suddenly dark and vicious as imps; their voices taunting, mocking me with my love of glory, my hopes of fame; for it seemed as if Nina had told them of my love for her, and in their impishness it became a matter of rare sport to jeer and mock me with my sudden fall from greatness, from ancestral pride. I suppose I spoke aloud in my dreams, for as I woke a pale face, whose dark eyes were floating with tears, vanished like a vision before me. So I knew that Nina had heard all. The next day I was left all alone. Oh, how long it was! how wearily impatient I became for my kind nurse, my tender friend! The day wore away, and evening came. In the long, tranquil twilight I watched the stars as a sick man will, longing for Nina. She came at last, slowly, feebly, as if very tired, very weary and depressed. For the first time I drew her close to me, her unresisting head down on my bosom, and told her that I loved her better than life, better than fame, better than any human being in the wide, wide world. She was very still; only her soft breath on my cheek, only the beating of her heart close to mine told me that she heard. Again I spoke, more intensely, more impatiently, told her all my struggles; my whole heart poured itself out, and still she knelt at my side in silence.

"'Speak, Nina!' I said; 'only say one word.'

"'I would die for you—I would die; but I can not live and be yours,' was her only reply.

"'But, Nina, you must. Have I not given up all? am I not willing to resign a claim which the world acknowledges—good birth—?' I was going on when she passionately exclaimed,

"'I can not bear it—stop! I can not be beneath even you! I have no tame woman's heart; I have the fire of the South burning, leaping in my veins!' She rose quickly, standing beside me in her beautiful indignation, pride and love struggling together as they had done with me. Her words came wildly fast and almost incoherent. She spoke of her white father bitterly, witheringly; of her slave mother with unmixed contempt; of the world in disdain, almost cursing her Creator. She was in a passion of wild grief; of utter, unsubdued anguish. I tried to allay her sorrow, assuring her of my love. Gradually she calmed down; tears came to her relief. She caressed me as if I had been a little child she had unwittingly injured—all harshness, all reproach ceased to issue from her lips. It was like the hushing of a storm, the gentle rain after flashing electricity and gusts of furious wind.

"I recalled my childish lessons, long forgotten—of humility, of a Heavenly Father's love and mercy, spite of seeming disfavor.

"Poor Nina, how quietly she listened!

"It was late when she bade me good-night, but I thought her happier when we parted.

"I do not know how long I had slept when I was wakened by strange outcries, scuffling noises, remonstrance, rough replies, and, as I staggered weakly to the door, a sharp report. Two men rushed quickly past out of the house, leaving all silent within, excepting a low sound which I knew to be Nina's voice. I called, and presently the elder woman came, very much excited and alarmed, saying that the men were slave-catchers in search of Nina, whom, by their going so hastily away, she feared was injured. The boy came also quaking into my room, where they at last brought my poor Nina. She was indeed wounded, mortally—whether by her own hand I could scarcely determine, though I think it must have been in self-defense.

"She opened her beautiful eyes only once upon me, then closed them with the same tired, weary expression I had noticed in the evening. We watched her through the night, but human aid could not avail. She was gone before morning—to where she could not be sold for three thousand dollars!

"Dieu! do you wonder I deserted? Do you wonder I want to live to meet those wretches? Glory has been my dream—now vengeance has its place!"

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," was my answer, as the deserter's grasp tightened. His pale face glowed suddenly, his proud lips quivered, a convulsive smile played over his fine features—the broad band of moonlight still shimmered over the little cot. The soldier had joined the ranks above.

MAY FLOWERS.

It had been the stupidest evening. A little singing, a little dancing, and a little talking. Singing! Fancy a great guy of a girl making mouths over that divine song of tender sorrow—"Den lieben langen Tag." Actually roaring it out in a hoarse, strident voice—those mournful, melancholy periods! It makes me shiver to think of it now.

And the dancing! Somebody thrumming on a piano the "Leduc Lancers," in a limping, haphazard kind of manner; and the choicest partner in the room a youth who performed remarkable bows, and said, "Yaas, chawming!"

That youth—I can see him now! He wore his hair parted in the middle, affected the English drawl, and knew the latest fashion before it was an hour old. You wouldn't be likely to have your heart

> "Whirled by the whirlings of the waltz,
> The fine magnetic manliness,"

in dancing with this specimen. No, I should think not.

But the talking! Talking? Twaddle! A graceless gossip, with now and then a suggestion of slander—just a breath of the malaria.

Don't you know how it's done? A mention of some name, ominous silences, uplifting of eyebrows, compression of lips, and the poison is at work as surely as if a Babel of tongues had proclaimed it.

Why do nine-tenths of the women of our day cry out against Mr. Thackeray? Why do they declare his pictures of society are false and cynical? Because nine-tenths of the women recognize how fearfully and wonderfully they are made by these sharp strokes of Mr. Thackeray's pencil; and the likeness frightens and shames them; so they hide their faces, and cry, "It is false!"

They are not brave enough, not honest enough, not simple enough, many of them, to take the truth and let it teach them better manners, better taste, and more Christian charity. They are afraid of themselves, they are afraid of each other, and they are afraid of Mr. Thackeray.

But I am not going to enter into a discussion of this matter now. I only wanted to give you an idea of the social state that evening; and— Well, to go on, as I said, a little singing, a little dancing, and a little talking; and I had tried all three, and found the yield of amusement and satisfaction dry and barren.

I had just finished a waltz with Tommy Meyrun, the little dandy, and was standing in the embrasure of a bay-window, leaning against the lowered sash with a dull, angry, bored feeling, out of patience with myself and all the world, specially little Tommy, when whiff! white violets and fern leaves—that was the odor. And then such a rush of recollections came!

Don't you understand that? Perfumes, you know, are associations sometimes. You remember what Holmes says in the Autocrat: "Memory, imagination, old sentiments, and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel."

His specialty was marigolds and the yellow everlasting. Mine was the odor of white violets and young fern leaves.

I think if I were asleep, and any one should place a handful of these on my pillow, that I should either awaken at once with the never-forgotten fragrance thrilling my heart, or else my soul would wander off into a dream—and no dream, perhaps, but a vision, who can tell?—of a spring day long past, when a girl, half a child, a girl not yet fifteen, standing by the brink of a river, lost in her vague sweet fancies, suddenly finds herself covered and crowned by May's fresh dainties—white violets and the feathery plumes of the fern. Shaken down in loose bunches, the delicate sprays and slips settled in her hair, her arms, and dropped into her breast. Before a start of surprise can come, she meets a face smiling at her in the smooth water of the river—a boy's face, arch, mischievous, and manly. And a gay frolic ensues. The flowers serve as missiles, and rain harmlessly about, flung by the vigorous young hands.

That was all. The day went, and years went. The boy goes out into the world, and sees a dozen faces, fairer to him perhaps, which erases the girl face of that day from his memory, it may be altogether. And the girl, as years flowed on, ceased to think of the boy-lover, or admirer—it was hardly a passion. A score of friends—maybe lovers, maybe admirers—had taken his place. But an odor of white violets and fern leaves breathes up from woods and dells, and straightway the most curious sense of loss and desolation pierces and thrills. A flash, and the picture comes: the spring day, the smooth flowing river, and the young faces meeting there. This was my experience over and over again. This was my experience now, standing there in the window embrasure, leaning against the lowered sash.

A curious sense of loss and desolation. That was the oddest part of it. Why should I feel that invariably with the remembrance? No doubt you will think I am very missyish and sentimental when I tell you my fancy about it. If regret was in it, it was not for the time, nor the emotions of the time, but rather for the promise of splendid manhood and the possibilities lying in that promise. Possibilities and realizations which had never— Ah, well! I was standing by the window there, you know, when all this came again with that whiff of violets and fern leaves. But whence came the violets and ferns?

I looked out into the May night. No, never in that trim lawny garden space. I did not think of looking within. Within! Where, drooping in the button-hole of Tommy Meyrun's faultless coat, or withering in the bosom of one of those chattering magpies?

Violets here! So I kept my eyes down and mused. Whiff—again—nearer, sweeter. A shadow between me and the lights beyond. I glanced up.

Marmaduke Evan.

"How do you do, Duke?" and I put my hand out to meet his.

"How do you do, Daphne?"

My name was Margaret, but he had an odd fancy of calling me Daphne. And there in his left hand, swinging idly at his side, hung the fern feathers and a bunch of white violets. He lifted them to view.

"I've been Maying, you see."

"Yes; how lovely!" and I eyed them wistfully.

He surveyed my dress a moment, then held out his flowers.

I knew he had a peculiar sense of fitness. What you would call artistic.

"They quite suit you," he said; "will you wear them?"

My dress was all white—a vapory muslin with soft puffs of lace half covering the material—and not an ornament nor a suggestion of ribbon.

While I fastened them at my bosom he went on talking about them.

"I have a fancy for this odd combination of tree and flower," he said, musingly. "They have a peculiar charm for me."

I looked up curiously, half disappointedly too, I believe. A sense of invasion, as if it had been my exclusive right and privilege to have associations connected with these odors. But he did not answer the look—he gave no explanation; instead, kept on:

"There must have been a spell upon me to bring these here to-night. You were no doubt waiting for them;" and he smiled half dreamily, half archly, at his own words.

"I know the combination well," I remarked, as I mused over the slender pointed lances, striking against my white dress its pale green blades.

"That is rather odd," he returned, apparently surprised.

"Odd—why?" and *I* was surprised.

What mutual mystery were we running darkly against through this foliage of flowers.

"Why? Well, it's a singular combination; don't you think so? Violets and ferns?"

"I don't know—is it? How did the fancy come to you?" I questioned.

"Oh, it is a simple accident of association. I had a cousin who was fond of them. A splendid good fellow, always in the woods, and knew every thing about nature. You should have heard him talk. He had multitudes of stories of trees and plants; associations of course followed, and this was one. Yes, a splendid good fellow. I always think of what one of his friends said of him, the only perfect bit of inscription I ever heard applied to such a soul. 'His heart lies so close to Nature that he feels every throb she gives, and so his life has become regulated by her sweet and pure pulsations.'"

"A flower soul," I said.

"Yes, just. Perfectly manly, yet as delicate and sensitive as a woman in his tastes and habits."

A full, sweet breath came wafting up then from the violets, and I thrilled again with my sense of loss.

Perfectly manly, yet as delicate and sensitive as a delicate woman in his habits and tastes. That was what I had lost. That was the possibility of my boy-lover—I like the word "lover" for its earnestness. That was what he might have been if he had lived, I felt sure.

But coming back from the past to the present, I asked:

"And this cousin, where is he now?"

"Where is he? Oh, dead long ago—three years or more."

The extreme regret, the yearning meaning of this, told more than any thing what he was to him—"dead long ago—three years or more." That three years was an age to him; very long indeed in separation. And do you believe actually that I felt bereft too? "Dead, both dead! The type was rare. We shall not be likely to see their like again," I mused over to myself.

I wanted to know more of this cousin but did not care to cross into his shadow again.

There is something about Duke Evan that makes it difficult to follow up a subject when once he gets silent and thoughtful. Not so much the preoccupation stays you as an assertion of reserve, quite unexpected and positive. Unexpected, because

Duke Evan is ordinarily the most *insouciant* person—counted easy and indifferent, and pleasant-tempered. A wit too, and altogether delightful. So you see this trait of reserve in the midst of such qualities surprised you. I had never felt very near to Duke Evan, very closely acquainted, though we called each other Duke and Daphne from the first, and the first two years or so. But who felt near to Duke Evan? Easy, and indifferent, and pleasant-tempered, there was a glittering thread of smiling sarcasm flashing through all. And it isn't easy, you know, to get near these light, laughing people, who are continually letting loose their swift shafts of satire. This was Duke Evan's way. You could call him Duke and jest all day with him, and at the end you were just as far from each other as ever. I had never thought much about this before; only once in a while in the way of speculation. I thought of it now curiously enough, as we stood there silent by the window. He was different to-night. Not the Duke I had known. What was it—the violets?

And as I thought, again that cold, thin, strident voice pierced to our retreat, singing another of those tender German songs, Schubert's "Am Meer."

My companion scowled, dropped the sash lower down, and leaned out into the dark.

"Why will girls sing those things merely because it's the fashion?" he said.

I laughed.

"Why will girls do all sorts of things because it is the fashion?" I returned.

"I know, but this now: she can't pronounce German decently. She don't think—she don't *know*, I'll be bound to say—what she's singing. Why don't she sing in English, where she'll comprehend the intoning at least?"

"English—you like the English songs better?" I asked.

"For those who speak English, or every thing *but* English ill," he answered, smiling.

Then: "Yes, I like English songs, some English songs better than any foreign ones I ever heard; and I do hate our affectation in seizing at any thing alien, as if nothing fine was to be found in our mother tongue."

He paused, and hummed, in an undertone, something clear and sweet, which had an old-fashioned ring in it. I asked, "What was it?"

"The sweetest little thing—a serenade written in 1607, by Thomas Heywood. I found an ancient air to suit it one day, so put them together, the air and the words."

"Oh, sing it now!" I exclaimed.

The last notes of Schubert's melody were dying out; the singer rose from the piano, and the three or four listeners were strolling from the little alcove music-room. My companion turned to me, nodding his head in his free, mirthful way.

"Come," he said, "I will sing it for you now."

We went through the hall, meeting the rest of the company going into the supper room: so we were quite by ourselves, and he turned the glare of gas down, making a soft summer light; and after preluding the oddest chain of sweetnesses he broke into the words:

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet airs blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!

"Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow,
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good-morrow!"

I had listened to much finer singing—trained voices that had called forth all the world's applause—but never any had touched me so curiously as this of Duke Evan's, in this old, old English song with its quaint tune.

Partly the change it was, partly the odd surprise of his deeper mood, and partly some connecting link of association which I could not fathom. Where had I heard those very words? I could get no clew until—the odor of violets again; and quick there flashed into my mind a childish book of extracts, wherein, written in a flourishing academic hand—a boy's hand, firm and manly—was this same old song. The hero of the violets once more.

What taste the boy must have had! I mused.

The boy? How old could he have been? I counted back. In the neighborhood of sixteen surely. The promise was riper than I had thought.

And, strange as it may seem, I recalled this nine years' old romance with a vividness which was absolutely painful, from its sense of loss and desolation. Bit by bit, too, it returned as the odor of the violets wafted up to me, and the long-forgotten words of the song breathed forth.

I remembered then his courage and manliness, his enthusiasm, his poetic ardor, and clear simplicity of action. And yes, certainly, I remembered, too, a keepsake in unison with all these qualities. That little book of Sir Philip Sidney, bound in green and gold, which lay upon my dressing-table, was his parting gift before he went over seas; it had been one of his favorite studies, and on the fly-leaf I recollected was written his name with mine—"Max. Lorrimer."

Nine years ago! How I had overlaid it all these years with ten thousand thoughts and associations! And a breath of violets, an old song brings it back in every detail.

I thought all these things while Duke Evan was singing his two verses. And then he wandered off into some Cavalier ditties, and those stirring Jacobin snatches which move the soul. And altogether, by the time he had finished, I was in as mixed a mood of sentiment and heroism as one could possibly imagine.

Well, I had seen Duke Evan in a new phase. I had improved upon my queer little flower association to an intense degree that was not likely to fade with the fading odor this time. This is what the evening had brought me.

It brought me something deeper than this; but I didn't know it then. It brought me— You shall see.

Flowers, May flowers again. And again nothing in the world but the very white violets, my mystic tokens, lying against the slight fern leaves, and the whole bound in the same old way—the nine-years'-old way—with a long green willow blade. How perfectly lovely! "And how very kind of you!" I said, lifting my eyes to the giver.

"No, not kind, Daphne, it pleases me to do it. I have an odd fancy about these flowers and these leaves, you know, which makes me just a little bit sentimental sometimes. You, too, discovering an odd fancy likewise, or an appreciation, it pleases me to minister to it." And here he fell into one of those silent dreams which draw little invisible lines between himself and his companion.

I imagined the cause of this one, the hero-cousin of the flower association, and I looked at the stalwart fellow before me and thought: "Why waste your life in dreams—why not make a hero of yourself? Plenty of material—youth, health, and intellect. And all put to no use. All spent in the dull routine of elegant leisure. Wit filtered out in the glittering mazes of society by satire and retort only. Manly muscle and robust health employed for easeful personal pleasures merely."

This was my thought of him.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, and still I held my thought, but with a reservation of regard which I had not felt before. From that night of the violet remembrance Duke Evan and I had grown together more cordially. We were friends—*friends*, that was all. So the time went on. The world, of course, observant of this friendship gave it a warmer name, gave us to each other; but it did not change our relation. Duke Evan was Duke Evan still—my friend, my brother—not the man of resolute aims who should rule my life. Idle, purposeless, he drifted on, while I held to the splendid possibility of manhood, which I had conceived, which alone would fill my heart, content me. I thought then no one knew Duke Evan so well as I. I who had discovered, or to whom accident, circumstance, had discovered that deep, hidden vein of sentiment, of affection, underlying the careless exterior. A breath of violets, a bunch of May flowers had been the touch. Yes, I knew him well, and I liked him much, all the time deploring the purposeless life. But it was a pleasant friendship.

"You'll marry him yet," my Aunt Deane said, in her wise, provoking way.

I laughed.

"You don't know Duke Evan and me," I returned.

"I know Duke Evan is just the man for you," she retorted, "and you'll find it out some day. I hope it won't be too late. But that's just the way you girls go playing with happiness. You don't know it when you see it straight before you. You fancy some marvelous destiny when a far finer one lies at your feet. You know the verse:

"'Oh, why thus longing, why forever sighing
For the far-off unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?'

Remember, I say, what you are fancying in the wonderful distance lies at your feet."

I laughed at the idea of Duke Evan's lying at my feet; a man who had never addressed me, even in the words of gallantry or sentiment. A thoroughly good friend, nothing more nor less; and I told her so. But still she nodded her head sagaciously:

"The very man for you. Your ideal hero."

My hero! Silently I derided this suggestion, this presumptuous assertion.

My hero! was he like Duke Evan? And before my mental vision there rose the soft dream of possibilities. I did not tell it to my aunt, she would have called me a fool.

And it was that very night that I talked over this matter of heroes with Duke Evan himself, which goes to prove what simple good friends we were.

He had come in dressed for a party, handsome, idle, elegant, *ennui*. And sitting there, drawing on a pair of maize-colored gloves, he suddenly asks,

"Daphne, what are you waiting for?"

I gave a gaze of surprise. I didn't know what he meant.

"Waiting for?" I said, puzzled.

"Yes,

"'For still within her sleep she lies,
The sealed heart, the sealed eyes,
While year by year the suitors come,
To find her locked in silence dumb.'"

Oh, I knew now. Perhaps to some persons, to most persons, I should have given no answer to this, or at least no serious answer; but Duke and I were such good friends, you know, I could say any thing to him. So I said now, laughing a little and coloring, "I'm waiting for my hero, Duke."

"For your hero! Yes, I knew you were. What is he like, Daphne? A fairy prince?"

"Don't get satirical, Duke, with me," I retorted.

"Satirical, Margaret? I'm in serious, solemn earnest. I want to know what he is like."

He always called me "Margaret" when he wished to be particularly grave.

"Well," I began, musingly, thinking not so much of my words as my fancies, "he is no fairy prince, but a true and simple soul—a man to conquer fate."

A moment after and I was sorry that I had spoken of conquering fate. It seemed like a reproof upon his peculiar weakness. And I thought I saw a look of pain in his face as I lifted my eyes.

He was silent for some time, then he said, slowly,

"To conquer fate! Do you think that an easy thing to do, Margaret?"

"Not easy, perhaps, but a necessity to some natures," I felt constrained to answer.

"But when one sees nothing fit to conquer. A man must bide his time, you know," he said wistfully.

"Yes, but often in the biding he loses it altogether," I answered, with, I am afraid, more vehemence than I should have used.

For some time he did not speak. I raised my eyes at last to look at him. He was lounging back amidst the cushions of the couch, whistling softly one of the Strauss waltzes. By-and-by he spoke, as if he had been speculating on the matter:

"Margaret, you should have married my cousin. You would have found your hero then."

"And lost him," I concluded.

"And lost him—for a while—yes. Perhaps it would have saved him, though. He flung his life away on the Alps there. A splendid good fellow, but never content—never at rest. Your admiration for achievement must have been satisfied in him. The burning eagerness with which he pressed on in his explorations—and yet always athirst! If he had lived the world would have been richer for his experience."

A soft sigh escaped him, the mournful wistfulness returned to his face, and he rose to go, buttoning the maize-colored gloves with that weary *ennui* air he has now and then, which is so melancholy and painful.

This was the man whom my Aunt Deane had prophesied I should marry. You see how much better I understood the matter. How much better I understood Duke Evan than she did.

Not many days after this he came in with the announcement, "Daphne, I'm going to Europe!"

"No!"

"Yes!" And he laughed at my amaze.

"When?"

"I have secured my passage for the next steamer. She sails on Monday."

This was Thursday.

I was conscious of a sharp thrill—a thrill of regret. I should miss this pleasant friend.

"I'm sorry you're going, for my own sake, Duke," I said.

"Are you?" he asked, with his rare, wistful expression.

"Yes, I shall miss you; and the violets, Duke. Who will bring me my violets next May?"

"Oh, perhaps next May will find me here again. Perhaps some need may arise; the world will have a vacancy that I can fill. I seem to be of little use now. Good-by!" holding out his hand.

"But I shall see you again?" I exclaimed.

"No, I must go to the city to-night; my arrangements will probably detain me there until I leave."

"How very sudden!" I broke in.

"No, not very. I have been contemplating the journey for some time."

"And never spoken of it until now."

"No; that is my way, Daphne. I never talk of action until I am ready to act."

Well, there was something for me to learn in Duke Evan, after all. Here was a quality I had never suspected.

But he waited, holding out his hand.

"Good-by!" and I put my own within it.

The next moment he had stooped over me and touched my cheek with his lips. "You would have been my cousin, you know," he said, with a little smile of deprecation which touched me strangely; and in another second he was gone.

This was in November—the November of 1860. In the winter that followed I missed him more than I can tell—missed his pleasant talk, his gracious gayety at ball or party; his friendly visits, always kindly and considerate.

And the winter brought stirring thought of another nature too. War brooded in the atmosphere, and fluttered its dark wings with boding, invisible threatening over the nation. And as spring approached, and the crisis drew nearer, it was fine to hear the strong, true words men spoke here in the North; to feel that, spite of the party faction that had raged, there was a splendid majority of loyal hearts!

In the midst of this enthusiasm I fancied the half-satiric stand, the easy, smiling unbelief, which Duke Evan would take upon himself. I knew his way.

But in the time I had heard nothing from him; no one had heard any thing from him. That was his way too. I wondered when he would come back—not for years, perhaps; perhaps never! It was getting into May now rapidly, and I should miss my May flowers.

May—and throughout the North rang the notes of preparation! The "blood-red blossom of war" had burst into burning flower!

All alone one night I sat waiting and watching for the latest news, while up the street the click of arms, the call of the bugle, and the long, low roll of the drum came distinctly to me on the sweet May wind.

Waiting and watching!

The gate swung, a step grated on the walk. "The news-boy!"

I ran to the door, out upon the steps, to be met by a man's figure, tall and slender. I turned, startled, disappointed. I wanted the paper, and who was this? It was too dark to distinguish.

"Daphne!"

"Oh! is it you, Duke?" and I gave him both my hands, and forgot all about the paper.

"What were you rushing out here for," he said, "like a very witch, all in black," touching my dark dress. "You look uncanny;" and he laughed lightly in his old manner, as if he had gone out but yesterday.

"It is you who are uncanny," I replied, "coming back in this unheralded way at this ghostly hour, after half a year's absence."

Going in with me, under the gas-light he stopped and said, smiling, "I have come back to bring your May flowers, Daphne;" and he held out the well-remembered combination—the violet and fern.

Had they lost their spell? I took them, I scented the well-known odor, but the association came not as vividly as before. Instead, a sense of pleasure in the present hour alone possessed me. I was glad to get my friend again, and I told him so.

"Then you have missed me, Daphne?" he asked.

"Yes, and it is pleasant to welcome you home."

"But, Daphne, I have only come to say good-by again."

I glanced up surprised.

"Where now?"

He wheeled a chair for me near the wood-fire that sparkled on the hearth, and came and sat beside me.

"Margaret," he began, earnestly, "when I went away I said to you, 'Perhaps next May will find me here again. Perhaps some need may arise—the world may have a vacancy that I can fill.' The need has arisen. There is a vacancy. I have found my place, Margaret."

I started. "What is it? You don't mean—Where are you going?" I uttered, confusedly.

"I am going to put myself in the ranks of those who are called to save the country from utter ruin and dissolution," he answered.

I was silent with surprise. This is not what I had expected. I thought I knew him so well!

"It is a solemn need which has arisen," he went on. "I thank God that I have lived to serve in it. If I may live to see the old flag floating freely once more, and the nation purged of its sin, I shall feel that life has been rich to me. If, on the contrary, I go to meet death, I am sure that it is not a useless sacrifice."

I looked upon the earnest, thoughtful face as these words were uttered.

A flash went over me. A mist rolled from my mental vision.

A while longer we sat there talking gravely and quietly of his purpose. When he rose to go he took from his breast-pocket a little package, saying,

"Margaret, I want to leave this in your charge. If I come back, I shall reclaim it; if not, I wish you to keep it."

He unfolded the wrappings—a miniature likeness in water-colors of a fine manly face met my gaze, and lying against it a tiny bunch of pressed leaves and flowers. What? Yes, the violet and fern. And the face—surely I had seen that face before. It was shaded and disguised now by a full, flowing beard, but—

"Who is it?" I asked, quickly.

"The cousin I have told you of."

"And his name?"

"His name? Did I never tell you? Lorrimer, Max Lorrimer."

I sat down stupefied.

"And these flowers?"

"He had a passion for them, and these were of his own cultivation in Switzerland. He sent them pressed as you see them."

"Only three years ago—I thought he died in boyhood; I heard so," I said, in a dream. My companion looked at me amazed.

"You thought—how did you ever know?"

I told him what I knew.

"So;" and he eyed me with that old wistful expression. "I think you would have been my little cousin in reality, Margaret, if Fate had been kinder. Max told me that same story—the youthful school-mate, who used to remind him of a white violet; and how, coming out of the woods one day, he found her standing by the river's brink, and crowned her with the very flowers. How strange that we have been running against the same mystery all this time! And you will never find your hero now."

I looked at him. A hero! What makes a hero? I thought. An image of simple courage and manliness, which had overlaid itself from a morbid sensitiveness with a light and cold exterior, arose before me. A nature that could give love and appreciation without a shadow of envy to a successful companion. A soul that, while comprehending all fearful risks, could calmly face the present emergency with a deep and solemn sense of duty. Did not this make a hero?

And there flashed over my mind the words:

"Oh, why thus longing, why forever sighing
For the far-off unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?"

As I looked up his eyes, Duke Evan's eyes, met mine.

The old wistful expression. What if my aunt was right—what if he—

"No, Margaret," he said again, breaking the silence, "you will never find your hero now."

Some impulse made me utter quickly, "I have found him!"

A sudden spasm went over his face. In it I read, how much? and he never suspected even now: but as his eyes returned to mine again I could not control the crimson color that surged to my brow, nor take myself away from his searching gaze.

"Margaret!"—he leaned forward—"am I in a dream: do I read rightly?"

I bowed my head. "I have found my hero, Duke." I saw him smile in modest deprecation; but he was content, for he loved me, and he knew that I loved him. The nine years' old-romance lies sweet and calm with the dead white violets here. I had pursued a shadow while the substance waited at my door.

May, 1862—and again on my breast blooms the violet and the fern; and a young soldier writes me:

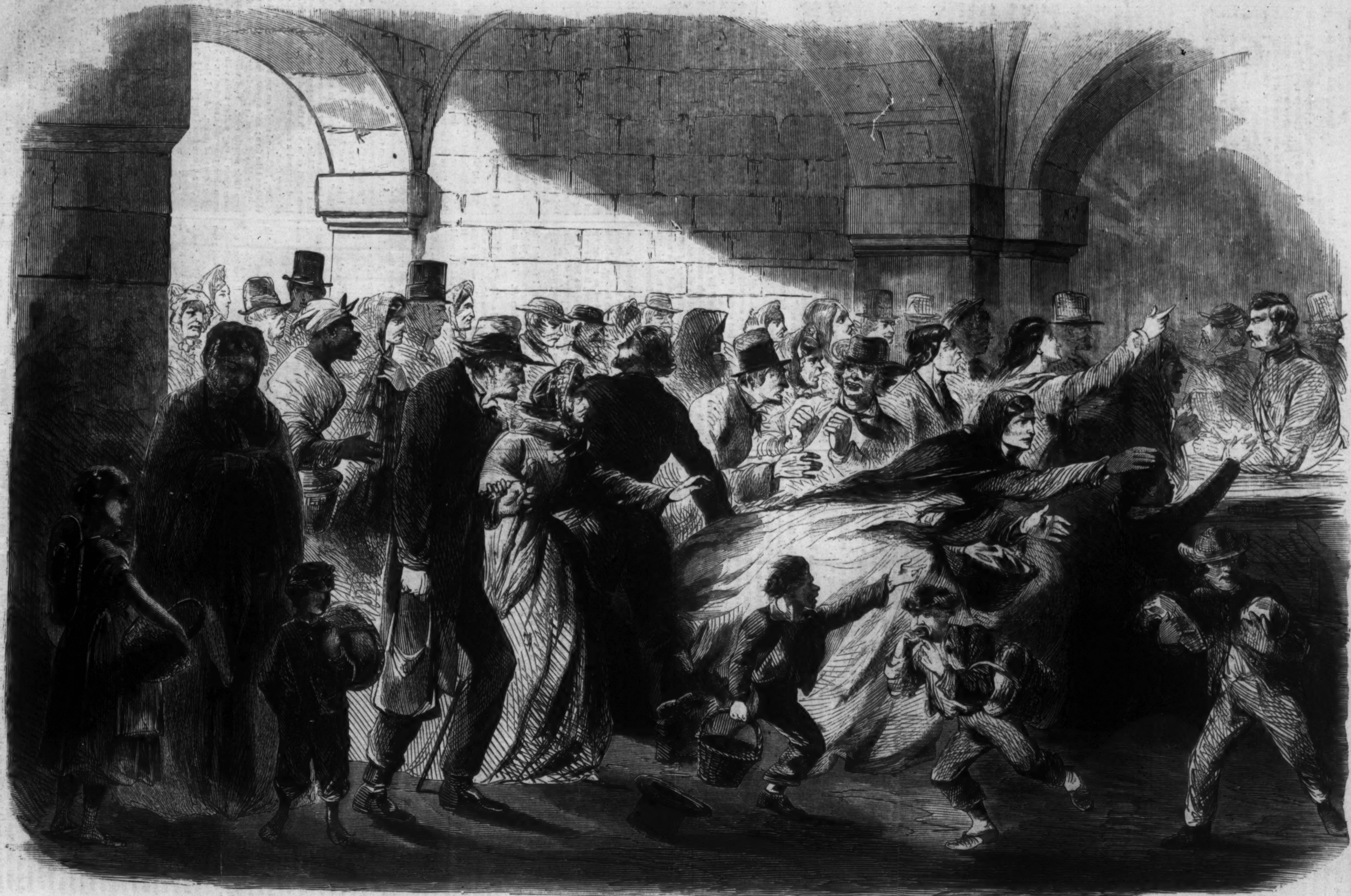
"The May flowers in your letter, Daphne, still keep their mystic odor. God willing, when they come again I may gather them with you. In the mean time, the good work goes on. The nation is being purged of its sin. And I, Margaret, am content, for I have found my place in love and life."

THE POOL AND THE BROOK.

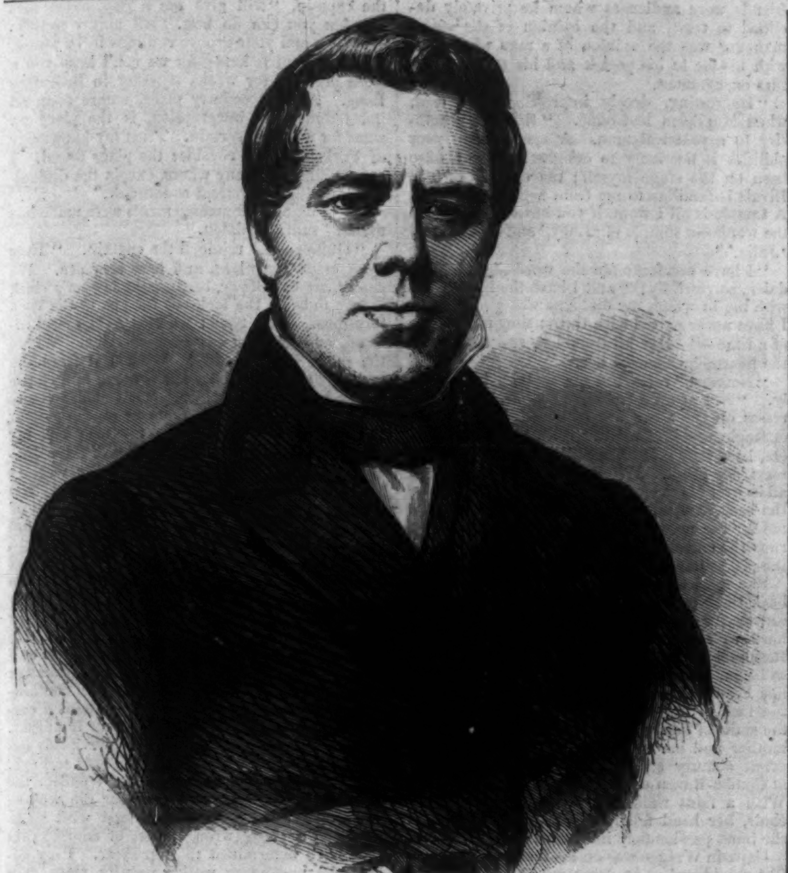
How silently it slumbereth,
The deep and lonely pool,
Without a ripple on its face
To make its shadows cool;

While from it trills a noisy brook,
With wavelets sparkling bright,
Whose shallow waters waste and dry
When summer's at its height.

The one, like great emotion, deep
Within the silent heart;
The other, trifling feelings, which
Dry up as they depart.



THE STARVING PEOPLE OF NEW ORLEANS FED BY THE UNITED STATES MILITARY AUTHORITIES.—[SEE PAGE 383.]



HON. MOSES F. ODELL, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM BROOKLYN, N. Y.—[Phot. by Williamson.]

HON. MOSES F. ODELL.

The Hon. Moses F. Odell, the patriotic Member of Congress from the Brooklyn District, was born at Tarrytown, Westchester County, on the 24th of February, 1818. His family removed to New York City shortly after his birth, and here and in Brooklyn Mr. Odell grew up, receiving his education in the common schools of the city. Early in life he received an appointment in the Custom-house, where he soon proved himself a peculiarly valuable public servant, and for merit was promoted step by step till he was made Assistant-Collector, which post he held during the Administration of President Polk. Being a Democrat, when the Taylor Administration came in Mr. Odell was removed from his post and put to another desk. He was, however, shortly replaced, notwithstanding his politics, the Collector finding him indispensable. He continued to hold his place under Collectors Bronson and Redfield till he resigned, under the latter. During this long tenure of a responsible, laborious, and often irksome office, he gained and retained the esteem of the merchants of this city, and achieved a reputation for clear-headedness and the ability to transact a great amount of business, in a manner satisfactory to all with whom he came in contact, and which has made him a great favorite with the business community of New York. Under the Administration of Mr. Buchanan he held the post of Public Appraiser in this city.

Mr. Odell has always been a Democrat. In early life he was for a short time President of the Brooklyn Empire Club, and all his life he has taken a strong interest in the success of the Democratic party, though never seeking office. Last fall he was nominated, on the Douglas ticket, for Congress. The chances for his election were not good. The member of Congress from the District, Mr. Humphreys, was a Republican, and a gentleman of unexceptionable character, personally liked by his constituents; and the Breckinridge wing of the Democratic party nominated a candidate, and thus caused that horror of politicians, a "split ticket." Nevertheless, Mr. Odell was elected over both his competitors, his sterling character and great personal popularity carrying him far ahead of his ticket. He was, we believe, the only Democrat elected on the ticket.

He did not take his seat in Congress till the meeting of the extra session, on July 4, 1861. Meantime the rebellion had broken out. Brooklyn hastened to send a regiment to defend the capital and the Union; and in those first days, when Democrats and so-called Union men were still looked at with some degree of suspicion, he took his stand in a speech delivered to his constituents and to the soldiers going away to the war. The following short extract from that speech is an index to his conduct ever since. He said: "The position I stand in toward the Government and toward you, makes it right that you should know my views....I am for the Constitution of the country and for the enforcement of the laws—for the Stars and Stripes—for the flag which has protected us all. That flag has been trailed in the dust and spit on by those whom it protected. I have no apology to make for those who did this, and I have no quarter to give until that insult has been avenged. It is well known to you, gentlemen, that I was elected as a Democrat. I have been identified with that party since I came to Brooklyn—more than twenty years ago; but I have no party here to-night. I stand by the Union. I shall be summoned to Washington—I believe I shall get there [it was doubtful at that time]—and I shall give my support to any measure that will defeat the foes of the Government. I did what I could to prevent the election of the President. I labored as earnestly against him as many of you did for him. But he was elected—legally, fairly, honestly elected President of this country. He *is* its President. I shall sustain the President in every thing which I believe to be right, and calculated to put down the men who have made war upon our flag and trampled it under foot....I am with you in this inspiring movement which has spread over the North. My prayers are with those who have gone forth to defend the country, and I believe and pray that God will defend them; for the right is with them, and they will prevail."

He has well kept his word. When Congress met it was expected by many who knew his peculiar experience and abilities that he would be placed upon the tariff and tax committees. This was not done, probably because the Speaker did not know him. But he was reserved for as important a work. His patriotic speech attracted attention, and, we have heard, gathered around him quite a number of Congressmen, Republicans as well as Democrats; and when it was determined to appoint a Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, Mr. Odell was wisely selected as one of its members. Here he has labored earnestly and effectively ever since, to improve the effectiveness of the army, to expose and prevent frauds, and to aid the Government in its immense labors. We have reason to know that his conduct has secured him the affectionate regard of the President, who values his advice as that of an honest, clear-headed, and single-hearted man, such as Mr. Lincoln is himself.

Mr. Odell is not a speaker, but a man of action. He has not made a speech, in Congress, yet; but he has given all his time to the important labors of the Committee room. During his residence at Washington he has greatly endeared himself to the soldiers by his constant and personal care for their comfort. After the battle of Bull Run he looked after the sick and wounded who crowded the city, and especially those of the gallant 14th (Brooklyn) regiment, many of them young men who had grown up under his eye, in business and in the Sunday-school of the Sands Street Methodist Church, of which he has been for many years the efficient and beloved superintendent. The following paragraph from a recent number of the Washington *Intelligencer* shows that it is not only soldiers whom his active benevolence seeks to help:

> "We referred yesterday to the commendable zeal and ability of Senator Wright in the Sabbath-school and other benevolent enterprises. It is our pleasure now to add to that worthy class of Christian philanthropists the name of Moses F. Odell, who represents the Brooklyn District, New York, in the House of Representatives, and contributed on Sunday very materially to the interests of the Sabbath-school exercises at the 'Foundry.' The accomplished wife of Mr. Odell has been a teacher of the Bible class in the same school ever since their residence in Washington."

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Toward six o'clock the next morning the light pouring in on her face awoke Magdalen in the bedroom in Rosemary Lane.

She started from her deep dreamless repose of the past night, with that painful sense of bewilderment on first waking which is familar to all sleepers in strange beds. "Norah!" she called out mechanically, when she opened her eyes. The next instant her mind roused itself, and her senses told her the truth. She looked round the miserable room with a loathing recognition of it. The sordid contrast which the place presented to all that she had been accustomed to see in her own bedchamber—the practical abandonment implied in its scanty furniture of those elegant purities of personal habit to which she had been accustomed from her childhood—shocked that sense of bodily self-respect in Magdalen, which is a refined woman's second nature. Contemptible as the influence seemed when compared with her situation at that moment, the bare sight of the jug and basin in a corner of the room decided her first resolution when she woke. She determined, then and there, to leave Rosemary Lane.

How was she to leave it? With Captain Wragge, or without him?

She dressed herself, with a dainty shrinking from every thing in the room which her hands or her clothes touched in the process, and then opened the window. The autumn air felt keen and sweet, and the little patch of sky that she could see was warmly bright already with the new sunlight. Distant voices of bargemen on the river, and the chirping of birds among the weeds which topped the old city wall, were the only sounds that broke the morning silence. She sat down by the window, and searched her mind for the thoughts which she had lost when weariness overcame her on the night before.

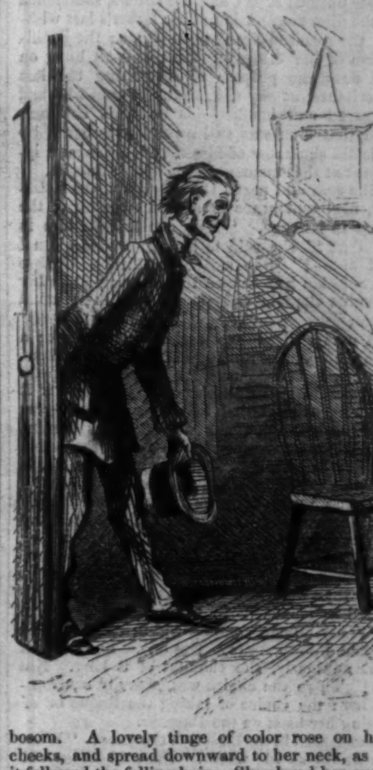
The first subject to which she returned was the vagabond subject of Captain Wragge.

The "moral agriculturist" had failed to remove her personal distrust of him, cunningly as he had tried to plead against it by openly confessing the impostures that he had practiced on others. He had raised her opinion of his abilities; he had amused her by his humor; he had astonished her by his assurance, but he had left her original conviction that he was a Rogue exactly where it was when he first met with her. If the one design then in her mind had been the design of going on the stage, she would at all hazards have rejected the more than doubtful assistance of Captain Wragge on the spot.

But the perilous journey on which she had now adventured herself had another end in view—an end dark and distant—an end with pitfalls hidden on the way to it, far other than the shallow pitfalls on the way to the stage. In the mysterious stillness of the morning her mind looked on to its second and its deeper design, and the despicable figure of the swindler rose before her in a new view.

She tried to shut him out—to feel above him and beyond him again, as she had felt up to this time.

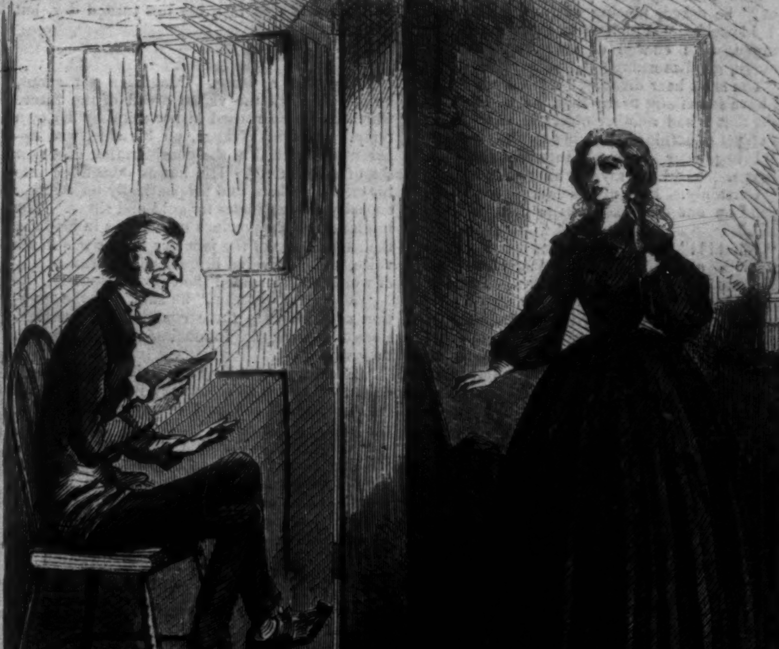
After a little trifling with her dress, she took from her bosom the white silk bag which her own hands had made on the farewell night at Combe-Raven. It drew together at the mouth with delicate silken strings. The first thing she took out, on opening it, was a lock of Frank's hair, tied with a morsel of silver thread; the next was a sheet of paper containing the extracts which she had copied from her father's will and her father's letter; the last was a closely folded packet of bank-notes, to the value of nearly two hundred pounds—the produce (as Miss Garth had rightly conjectured) of the sale of her jewelry and her dresses, in which the servant at the boarding-school had privately assisted her. She put back the notes at once, without a second glance at them, and then sat looking thoughtfully at the lock of hair as it lay on her lap. "You are better than nothing," she said, speaking to it with a girl's fanciful tenderness. "I can sit and look at you sometimes till I almost think I am looking at Frank. Oh, my darling! my darling!" Her voice faltered softly, and she put the lock of hair, with a languid gentleness, to her lips. It fell from her fingers into her bosom. A lovely tinge of color rose on her cheeks, and spread downward to her neck, as if it followed the falling hair. She closed her eyes, and let her fair head droop softly. The world passed from her, and for one enchanted moment Love opened the gates of Paradise to the daughter of Eve.



The trivial noises in the neighboring street, gathering in number as the morning advanced, forced her back to the hard realities of the passing time. She raised her head with a heavy sigh, and opened her eyes once more on the mean and miserable little room.

The extracts from the will and the letter—those last memorials of her father, now so closely associated with the purpose which had possession of her mind—still lay before her. The transient color faded from her face as she spread the little manuscript open on her lap. The extracts from the will stood highest on the page; they were limited to those few touching words, in which the dead father begged his children's forgiveness for the stain on their birth, and implored them to remember the untiring love and care by which he had striven to atone for it. The extract from the letter to Mr. Pendril came next. She read the last melancholy sentences aloud to herself: "For God's sake, come on the day when you receive this—come and relieve me from the dreadful thought that my two darling girls are at this moment unprovided for. If any thing happened to me, and if my desire to do their mother justice ended (through my miserable ignorance of the law) in leaving Norah and Magdalen disinherited, I should not rest in my grave!" Under these lines again, and close at the bottom of the page, was written the terrible commentary on that letter which had fallen from Mr. Pendril's lips: "Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy."

Helpless when those words were spoken—helpless still, after all that she had resolved, after all that she had sacrificed. The assertion



"WHO THE DEVIL WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT? SHE *CAN* ACT, AFTER ALL!"

of her natural rights, and her sister's, sanctioned by the direct expression of her father's last wishes; the recall of Frank from China; the justification of her desertion of Norah—all hung on her desperate purpose of recovering the lost inheritance, at any risk, from the man who had beggared and insulted his brother's children. And that man was still a shadow to her! So little did she know of him that she was even ignorant at that moment of his place of abode.

She rose and paced the room with the noiseless, negligent grace of a wild creature of the forest in its cage. "How can I reach him in the dark?" she said to herself. "How can I find out—?" She stopped suddenly. Before the question had shaped itself to an end in her thoughts Captain Wragge was back in her mind again.

A man well used to working in the dark; a man with endless resources of audacity and cunning; a man who would hesitate at no mean employment that could be offered to him, if it was employment that filled his pockets—was this the instrument for which, in its present need, her hand was waiting? Two of the necessities to be met, before she could take a single step in advance, were plainly present to her—the necessity of knowing more of her father's brother than she knew now, and the necessity of throwing him off his guard by concealing herself personally during the process of inquiry. Resolutely self-dependent as she was, the inevitable spy's work at the outset must be work delegated to another. In her position was there any ready human creature within reach but the vagabond down stairs? Not one. She thought of it anxiously, she thought of it long. Not one! There the choice was, steadily confronting her: the choice of taking the Rogue or of turning her back on the Purpose.

She paused in the middle of the room. "What can he do at his worst?" she said to herself. "Cheat me. Well! if my money governs him for me, what then? Let him have my money!" She returned mechanically to her place by the window. A moment more decided her. A moment more, and she took the first fatal step downward—she determined to face the risk and try Captain Wragge.

At nine o'clock the landlady knocked at Magdalen's door, and informed her (with the captain's kind compliments) that breakfast was ready.

She found Mrs. Wragge alone, attired in a voluminous brown holland wrapper, with a limp cape, and a trimming of dingy pink ribbon. The ex-waitress at Darch's Dining-Rooms was absorbed in the contemplation of a large dish, containing a leathery-looking substance of a mottled yellow color, profusely sprinkled with little black spots.

"There it is!" said Mrs. Wragge. "Omelette with herbs. The landlady helped me. And that's what we've made of it. Don't you ask the captain for any when he comes in—don't—there's a good soul! It isn't nice. We had some accidents with it. It's been under the grate. It's been spilled on the stairs. It's scalded the landlady's youngest boy—he went and sat on it. Bless you, it isn't half as nice as it looks! Don't you ask for any. Perhaps he won't notice if you say nothing about it. What do you think of my wrapper? I should so like to have a white one! Have you got a white one? How is it trimmed? Do tell me!"

The formidable entrance of the captain suspended the next question on her lips. Fortunately for Mrs. Wragge her husband was far too anxious for the promised expression of Magdalen's decision to pay his customary attention to questions of cookery. When breakfast was over he dismissed Mrs. Wragge, and merely referred to the omelette by telling her that she had his full permission to "give it to the dog."

"How does my little proposal look by daylight?" he asked, placing chairs for Magdalen and himself. "Which is it to be: 'Captain Wragge, take charge of me?' or, 'Captain Wragge, good-morning?'"

"You shall hear directly," replied Magdalen. "I have something to say first. I told you last night that I had another object in view besides the object of earning my living on the stage—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Captain Wragge. "Did you say, earning your living?"

"Certainly. Both my sister and myself must depend on our own exertions to gain our daily bread."

"What!!!" cried the captain, starting to his feet with a blank stare of dismay. "The daughters of my wealthy and lamented relative by marriage reduced to earn their own living? Impossible—wildly, extravagantly impossible!" He sat down again, and looked at Magdalen as if she had inflicted a personal injury on him.

"You are not acquainted with the full extent of our misfortune," she said, quietly. "I will tell you what has happened before I go any farther." She told him at once, in the plainest terms she could find, and with as few details as possible.

Captain Wragge's profound bewilderment left him conscious of but one distinct result, produced by the narrative on his own mind. The lawyer's offer of Fifty Pounds Reward for the missing young lady ascended instantly to a place in his estimation which it had never occupied until that moment.

"Do I understand," he inquired, "that you are entirely deprived of present resources?"

"I have sold my jewelry and my dresses," said Magdalen, impatient of his mean harping on the pecuniary string. "If my want of experience keeps me back in a theatre I can afford to wait till the stage can afford to pay me."

Captain Wragge mentally apprized the rings, bracelets, and necklaces, the silks, satins, and laces of the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, at—say a third of their real value. In a moment more the Fifty Pounds Reward suddenly sank again to the lowest depths in the deep estimation of this judicious man.

"Just so," he said, in his most business-like manner. "There is not the least fear, my dear girl, of your being kept back in a theatre if you possess present resources, and if you profit by my assistance."

"I must accept more assistance than you have already offered or none," said Magdalen. "I have more serious difficulties before me than the difficulty of leaving York, and the difficulty of finding my way to the stage."

"You don't say so! I am all attention; pray explain yourself."

She considered her next words carefully before they passed her lips.

"There are certain inquiries," she said, "which I am interested in making. If I undertook them myself, I should excite the suspicion of the person inquired after, and should learn little or nothing of what I wish to know. If the inquiries could be made by a stranger, without my being seen in the matter, a service would be rendered me of much greater importance than the service you offered last night."

Captain Wragge's vagabond face became gravely and deeply attentive.

"May I ask," he said, "what the nature of the inquiries is likely to be?"

Magdalen hesitated. She had necessarily mentioned Michael Vanstone's name in informing the captain of the loss of her inheritance. She must inevitably mention it to him again if she employed his services. He would doubtless discover it for himself, by a plain process of inference, before she said many words more, frame them as carefully as she might. Under these circumstances was there any intelligible reason for shrinking from direct reference to Michael Vanstone? No intelligible reason—and yet she shrank.

"For instance," pursued Captain Wragge, "are they inquiries about a man or a woman, inquiries about an enemy or a friend—"

"An enemy," she answered, quickly.

Her reply might still have kept the captain in the dark, but her eyes enlightened him. "Michael Vanstone!" thought the wary Wragge. "She looks dangerous; I'll feel my way a little farther."

"With regard, now, to the person who is the object of these inquiries," he resumed. "Are you thoroughly clear in your own mind about what you want to know?"

"Perfectly clear," replied Magdalen. "I want to know where he lives, to begin with."

"Yes? And after that?"

"I want to know about his habits; about who the people are whom he associates with; about what he does with his money—" She considered a little. "And one thing more," she said; "I want to know whether there is any woman about his house—a relation, or a housekeeper—who has an influence over him."

"Harmless enough, so far," said the captain. "What next?"

"Nothing. The rest is my secret."

The clouds on Captain Wragge's countenance began to clear away again. He reverted with his customary precision to his customary choice of alternatives. "These inquiries of hers," he thought, "mean one of two things—Mischief, or Money! If it's Mischief, I'll slip through her fingers. If it's Money, I'll make myself useful, with a view to the future."

Magdalen's vigilant eyes watched the progress of his reflections suspiciously. "Captain Wragge," she said, "if you want time to consider, say so plainly."

"I don't want a moment," replied the captain. "Place your departure from York, your dramatic career, and your private inquiries under my care. Here I am, unreservedly at your disposal. Say the word—do you take me?"

Her heart beat fast, her lips turned dry, but she said the word.

"I do."

There was a pause. Magdalen sat silent, struggling with the vague dread of the future which had been roused in her mind by her own reply. Captain Wragge, on his side, was apparently absorbed in the consideration of a new set of alternatives. His hands descended into his empty pockets, and prophetically tested their capacity as receptacles for gold and silver. The brightness of the precious metals was in his face, the smoothness of the precious metals was in his voice, as he provided himself with a new supply of words, and resumed the conversation.

"The next question," he said, "is the question of time. Do these confidential investigations of ours require immediate attention, or can they wait?"

"For the present they can wait," replied Magdalen. "I wish to secure my freedom from all interference on the part of my friends before the inquiries are made."

"Very good. The first step toward accomplishing that object is to beat our retreat—excuse a professional metaphor from a military man—to beat our retreat from York to-morrow. I see my way plainly so far; but I am all abroad, as we used to say in the militia, about my marching orders afterward. The next direction we take ought to be chosen with an eye to advancing your dramatic views. I am all ready, when I know what your views are. How came you to think of the theatre at all? I see the sacred fire burning in you; tell me, who lit it?"

Magdalen could only answer him in one way. She could only look back at the days that were gone forever, and tell him the story of her first step toward the stage at Evergreen Lodge. Captain Wragge listened with his usual politeness, but he evidently derived no satisfactory impression from what he heard. Audiences of friends were audiences whom he privately declined to trust, and the opinion of the stage-manager was the opinion of a man who spoke with his fee in his pocket and his eye on a future engagement.

"Interesting, deeply interesting," he said, when Magdalen had done. "But not conclusive to a practical man. A specimen of your abilities is necessary to enlighten me. I have been on the stage myself; the comedy of The Rivals is familiar to me from beginning to end. A sample is all I want, if you have not forgotten the words—a sample of 'Lucy,' and a sample of 'Julia.'"

"I have not forgotten the words," said Magdalen, sorrowfully; "and I have the little books with me in which my dialogue was written out. I have never parted with them: they remind me of a time—" Her lip trembled, and a pang of the heartache silenced her.

"Nervous," remarked the captain, indulgently. "Not at all a bad sign. The greatest actresses on the stage are nervous. Follow their example, and get over it. Where are the parts? Oh, here they are! Very nicely written, and remarkably clean. I'll give you the cues—it will all be over (as the dentists say) in no time. Take the back drawing-room for the stage, and take me for the audience. Tingle goes the bell, up runs the curtain, order in the gallery, silence in the pit—enter Lucy!"

She tried hard to control herself; she forced back the sorrow—the innocent, natural, human sorrow for the absent and the dead—pleading hard with her for the tears that she refused. Resolutely, with cold, clenched hands, she tried to begin. As the first familiar words passed her lips Frank came back to her from the sea, and the face of her dead father looked at her with the smile of happy old times. The voices of her mother and her sister talked gently in the fragrant country stillness, and the garden-walks at Combe-Raven opened once more on her view. With a faint wailing cry she dropped into a chair, her head fell forward on the table, and she burst passionately into tears.

Captain Wragge was on his feet in a moment. She shuddered as he came near her, and waved him back vehemently with her hand. "Leave me!" she said; "leave me a minute by myself!" The compliant Wragge retired to the front room, looked out of window, and whistled under his breath. "The family spirit again!" he said. "Complicated by hysterics."

After waiting a minute or two he returned to make inquiries.

"Is there any thing I can offer you?" he asked. "Cold water? burned feathers? smelling salts? medical assistance? Shall I summon Mrs. Wragge? Shall we put it off till to-morrow?"

She started up, wild and flushed, with a desperate self-command in her face, with an angry resolution in her manner.

"No!" she said. "I must harden myself—and I will! Sit down again and see me act."

"Bravo!" cried the captain. "Dash at it, my beauty, and it's done!"

She dashed at it with a mad defiance of herself, with a raised voice and a glow like fever in her cheeks. All the artless, girlish charm of the performance in happier and better days was gone. The native dramatic capacity that was in her came, hard and bold, to the surface, stripped of every softening allurement which had once adorned it. She would have saddened and disappointed a man with any delicacy of feeling. She absolutely electrified Captain Wragge. He forgot his politeness; he forgot his long words. The essential spirit of the man's whole vagabond life burst out of him irresistibly in his first exclamation. "Who the devil would have thought it? She *can* act, after all!" The instant the words escaped his lips he recovered himself, and glided off into his ordinary colloquial channels. Magdalen stopped him in the middle of his first compliment. "No," she said; "I have forced the truth out of you for once. I want no more."

"Pardon me," replied the incorrigible Wragge. "You want a little instruction, and I am the man to give it you."

With that answer he placed a chair for her, and proceeded to explain himself.

She sat down in silence. A sullen indifference began to show itself in her manner; her cheeks turned pale again, and her eyes looked wearily vacant at the wall before her. Captain Wragge noted these signs of heart-sickness and discontent with herself after the effort she had made, and saw the importance of rousing her by speaking, for once, plainly and directly to the point. She had set a new value on herself in his mercenary eyes. She had suggested to him a speculation in her youth, her beauty, and her marked ability for the stage, which had never entered his mind until he saw her act. The old militia-man was quick at his shifts. He and his plans had both turned right about together when Magdalen sat down to hear what he had to say.

"Mr. Huxtable's opinion is my opinion," he began. "You are a born actress. But you must be trained before you can do any thing on the stage. I am disengaged—I am competent—I have trained others—I can train you. Don't trust my word: trust my eye to my own interests. I'll make it my interest to take pains with you, and to be quick about it. You shall pay me for my instructions from your profits on the stage. Half your salary for the first year; a third of your salary for the second year; and half the sum you clear by your first benefit in a London theatre. What do you say to that? Have I made it my interest to push you, or have I not?"

So far as appearances went, and so far as the stage went, it was plain that he had linked his interests and Magdalen's together. She briefly told him so, and waited to hear more.

"A month or six weeks' study," continued the captain, "will give me a reasonable idea of what you can do best. All ability runs in grooves; and your groove remains to be found. We can't find it here—for we can't keep you a close prisoner for weeks together in Rosemary Lane. A quiet country place, secure from all interference and interruption, is the place we want for a month certain. Trust my knowledge of Yorkshire, and consider the place found. I see no difficulties any where, except the difficulty of beating our retreat to-morrow."

"I thought your arrangements were made last night?" said Magdalen.

"Quite right," rejoined the captain. "They were made last night, and here they are. We can't leave by railway, because the lawyer's clerk is sure to be on the look-out for you at the York terminus. Very good; we take to the road instead, and leave in our own carriage. Where the deuce do we get it? We get it from the landlady's brother, who has a horse and chaise which he lets out for hire. That chaise comes to the end of Rosemary Lane at an early hour to-morrow morning. I take my wife and my niece out to show them the beauties of the neighborhood. We have a picnic hamper with us which marks our purpose in the public eye. You disfigure yourself in a shawl, bonnet, and veil of Mrs. Wragge's; we turn our backs on York, and away we drive on a pleasure-trip for the day—you and I on the front-seat, Mrs. Wragge and the hamper behind. Good again. Once on the high-road what do we do? Drive to the first station beyond York, northward, southward, or eastward, as may be hereafter determined. No lawyer's clerk is waiting for you there. You and Mrs. Wragge get out—first opening the hamper at a convenient opportunity. Instead of containing chickens and Champagne, it contains a carpet-bag with the things you want for the night. You take your tickets for a place previously determined on, and I take the chaise back to York. Arrived once more in this house I collect the luggage left behind, and send for the woman down stairs. 'Ladies so charmed with such-and-such a place (wrong place, of course) that they have determined to stop there. Pray accept the customary week's rent in place of a week's warning. Good-day.' Is the clerk looking for *me* at the York terminus? Not he. I take my ticket under his very nose; I follow you with the luggage along your line of railway—and where is the trace left of your departure? Nowhere. The fairy has vanished, and the legal authorities are left in the lurch."

"Why do you talk of difficulties?" asked Magdalen. "The difficulties seem to be provided for."

"All but ONE," said Captain Wragge, with an ominous emphasis on the last word. "The Grand Difficulty of humanity from the cradle to the grave—Money." He slowly winked his green eye, sighed with deep feeling, and buried his insolvent hands in his unproductive pockets.

"What is the money wanted for?" inquired Magdalen.

"To pay my bills," replied the captain, with a touching simplicity. "Pray understand! I never was, and never shall be, personally desirous of paying a single farthing to any human creature on the habitable globe. I am speaking in your interests, not in mine."

"My interests?"

"Certainly. You can't get safely away from York to-morrow without the chaise. And I can't get the chaise without money. The landlady's brother will lend it, if he sees his sister's bill receipted, and if he gets his day's hire beforehand—not otherwise. Allow me to put the transaction in a business light. We have agreed that I am to be remunerated for my course of dramatic instruction out of your future earnings on the stage. Very good. I merely draw on my future prospects; and you, on whom those prospects depend, are naturally my banker. For mere argument's sake estimate my share in your first year's salary at the totally inadequate value of a hundred pounds. Halve that sum; quarter that sum—"

"How much do you want?" said Magdalen, impatiently.

Captain Wragge was sorely tempted to take the Reward at the top of the hand-bills as his basis of calculation. But he felt the vast future importance of present moderation; and actually wanting some twelve or thirteen pounds, he merely doubled the amount and said, "Five-and-twenty."

Magdalen took the little bag from her bosom and gave him the money, with a contemptuous wonder at the number of words which he had wasted on her for the purpose of cheating on so small a scale. In the old days at Combe-Raven five-and-twenty pounds flowed from a stroke of her father's pen into the hands of any one in the house who chose to ask for it.

Captain Wragge's eyes dwelt on the little bag as the eyes of lovers dwell on their mistresses. "Happy bag!" he murmured, as she put it back in her bosom. He rose, dived into a corner of the room, produced his neat dispatch-box, and solemnly unlocked it on the table between Magdalen and himself.

"The nature of the man, my dear girl—the nature of the man," he said, opening one of his plump little books bound in calf and vellum. "A transaction has taken place between us. I must have it down in black and white." He opened the book at a blank page and wrote at the top, in a fine mercantile hand: "*Miss Vanstone the Younger: In account with Horatio Wragge, late of the Royal Militia. Dr.—Cr. Sept. 24, 1846. Dr.: To estimated value of H. Wragge's interest in Miss V.'s first year's salary—say £200. Cr. By paid on account £25.*" Having completed the entry—and having also shown, by doubling his original estimate on the Debtor side, that Magdalen's easy compliance with his demand on her had not been thrown away on him—the captain pressed his blotting-paper over the wet ink, and put away the book with the air of a man who had done a virtuous action, and who was above boasting about it.

"Excuse me for leaving you abruptly," he said. "Time is of importance; I must make sure of the chaise. If Mrs. Wragge comes in tell her nothing—she is not sharp enough to be trusted. If she presumes to ask questions extinguish her immediately. You have only to be loud. Pray take my authority into your own hands, and be as loud with Mrs. Wragge as I am!" He snatched up his tall hat, bowed, smiled, and tripped out of the room.

Sensible of little else but of the relief of being alone, feeling no more distinct impression than the vague sense of some serious change having taken place in herself and her position, Magdalen let the events of the morning come and go like shadows on her mind, and waited wearily for what the day might bring forth. After the lapse of some time the door opened softly. The giant figure of Mrs. Wragge stalked into the room, and stopped opposite Magdalen in solemn astonishment.

"Where are your Things?" asked Mrs. Wragge, with a burst of incontrollable anxiety. "I've been up stairs looking in your drawers. Where are your night-gowns and night-caps? and your petticoats and stockings? and your hair-pins and bear's grease, and all the rest of it?"

"My luggage is left at the railway-station," said Magdalen.

Mrs. Wragge's moon-face brightened dimly. The ineradicable female instinct of Curiosity tried to sparkle in her faded blue eyes—flickered piteously—and died out.

"How much luggage?" she asked, confidentially. "The captain's gone out. Let's go and get it!"

"Mrs. Wragge!" cried a terrible voice at the door.

For the first time in Magdalen's experience Mrs. Wragge was deaf to the customary stimulant. She actually ventured on a feeble remonstrance in the presence of her husband.

"Oh, do let her have her Things!" pleaded Mrs. Wragge. "Oh, poor soul, do let her have her Things!"

The captain's inexorable forefinger pointed to a corner of the room—dropped slowly as his wife retired before it, and suddenly stopped at the region of her shoes.

"Do I hear a clapping on the floor!" exclaimed Captain Wragge, with an expression of horror. "Yes, I do. Down at heel again! The left shoe this time. Pull it up, Mrs. Wragge, pull it up! The chaise will be here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock," he continued, addressing Magdalen. "We can't possibly venture on claiming your box. There is note-paper. Write down a list of the necessaries you want. I will take it myself to the shop, pay the bill for you, and bring back the parcel. We must sacrifice the box—we must indeed."

While her husband was addressing Magdalen Mrs. Wragge had stolen out again from her corner, and had ventured near enough to the captain to hear the words "shop" and "parcel." She clapped her great hands together in ungovernable excitement, and lost all control over herself immediately.

"Oh, if it's shopping, let me do it!" cried Mrs. Wragge. "She's going out to buy her Things! Oh, let me go with her—please let me go with her!"

"Sit down!" shouted the captain. "Straight! more to the right—more still. Stop where you are!"

Mrs. Wragge crossed her helpless hands on her lap and melted meekly into tears.

"I do so like shopping," pleaded the poor creature, "and I get so little of it now!"

Magdalen completed her list, and Captain Wragge at once left the room with it. "Don't let my wife bore you," he said, pleasantly, as he went out. "Cut her short, poor soul—cut her short!"

"Don't cry," said Magdalen, trying to comfort Mrs. Wragge by patting her on the shoulder. "When the parcel comes back you shall open it."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Wragge, meekly drying her eyes; "thank you kindly. Don't notice my handkerchief, please. It's such a very little one! I had a nice lot of 'em once with lace borders. They're all gone now. Never mind! It will comfort me to unpack your Things. You're very good to me. I like you. I say—you won't be angry, will you? Give us a kiss."

Magdalen stooped over her with the frank grace and gentleness of past days, and touched her faded cheek. "Let me do something harmless!" she thought, with a pang at her heart—"oh, let me do something innocent and kind for the sake of old times!"

She felt her eyes moistening, and silently turned away.

That night no rest came to her. That night the roused forces of Good and Evil fought their terrible fight for her soul, and left the strife between them still in suspense when morning came. As the clock of York Minster struck nine she followed Mrs. Wragge to the chaise, and took her seat by the captain's side. In a quarter of an hour more York was in the distance, and the high road lay bright and open before them in the morning sunlight.

THE END OF THE SECOND SCENE.

FEEDING THE REBELS.

Among other outrages committed by General Butler at New Orleans, which have elicited the furious indignation of General Beauregard and his army, is the feeding of the starving people whose fathers, brothers, and sons are mostly in the rebel army. We illustrate the scene on page 380. The following description from the *Herald* correspondence will serve to explain it:

> In accordance with notice, Captain John Clark commenced the distribution of the beef this morning, and issued eight hundred liberal rations for hungry families. A sight more fearful and harrowing I do not wish ever again to witness, and it is no discredit to Captain Clark to say that, in the association with the destitute which his position renders necessary, he is frequently deeply moved. I noticed to-day that the sight of so much want increased the amount of the allowance to each family to an extent which had not entered into his previous calculations.
>
> At the hour appointed to issue the beef there were thousands of eager, hungry men, women, and children crowded around the Custom-house. A very large majority of the people were women, all carrying either baskets or napkins. Some were old and tottering with infirmity; others carried, wearily enough, a babe at the breast; and many, God help them! bore the evidence of another claim on their support soon to come.
>
> The sun was pouring down his rays with an intensity greater than we have before experienced since our arrival, and the poor creatures struggled and jammed each other to get into the office; and finally getting to the desk, trembled from head to foot, and almost fell upon the floor from sheer exhaustion. If the leaders of this accursed rebellion could have looked upon the sight and reflected upon their responsibility for all this misery, it would have been strange if they had not experienced some dark forebodings of the terrible punishment that surely awaits them in another world, however easily they may escape a just retribution in this.

DROPPINGS.

The leaves that fall on the grassy wall,
  And the rain dropping out of the apple-tree!
And is it only a passing dream?
For, I know not why, but these things seem
  Just now worth more than the world to me.

Fast the leaves fall on the grassy wall;
  Fast drops the rain from the apple-tree;
And if I could feel what I feel now
But a moment longer, I think I should know
  More than ever was known, or known will be.

Wherefore? Leaves fall all day on the wall,
  All day drops rain from the apple-tree.
But never before did the leaves and the rain,
And they doubtless will never, never again,
  Seem about to impart such a secret to me.

Mere leaves that fall on yonder wall!
  Mere rain dropping down out of yonder tree!
What matter? If Nature has something to say,
Let her take her own time, let her choose her own way.
  So long as at last she will say it to me.

Ah! but leaves will fall, as now, on the wall,
  And rain, as now, drop from out of the tree,
Many, many a day, while the chance, I know,
Is lost! I have missed what, a moment ago,
  The leaves and the rain had confided to me.

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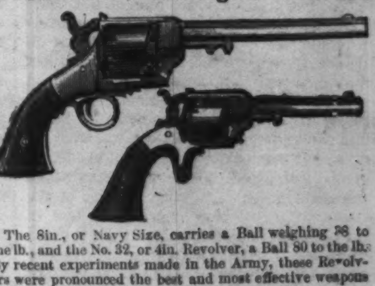

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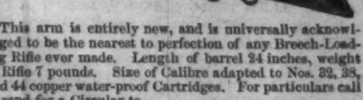

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